

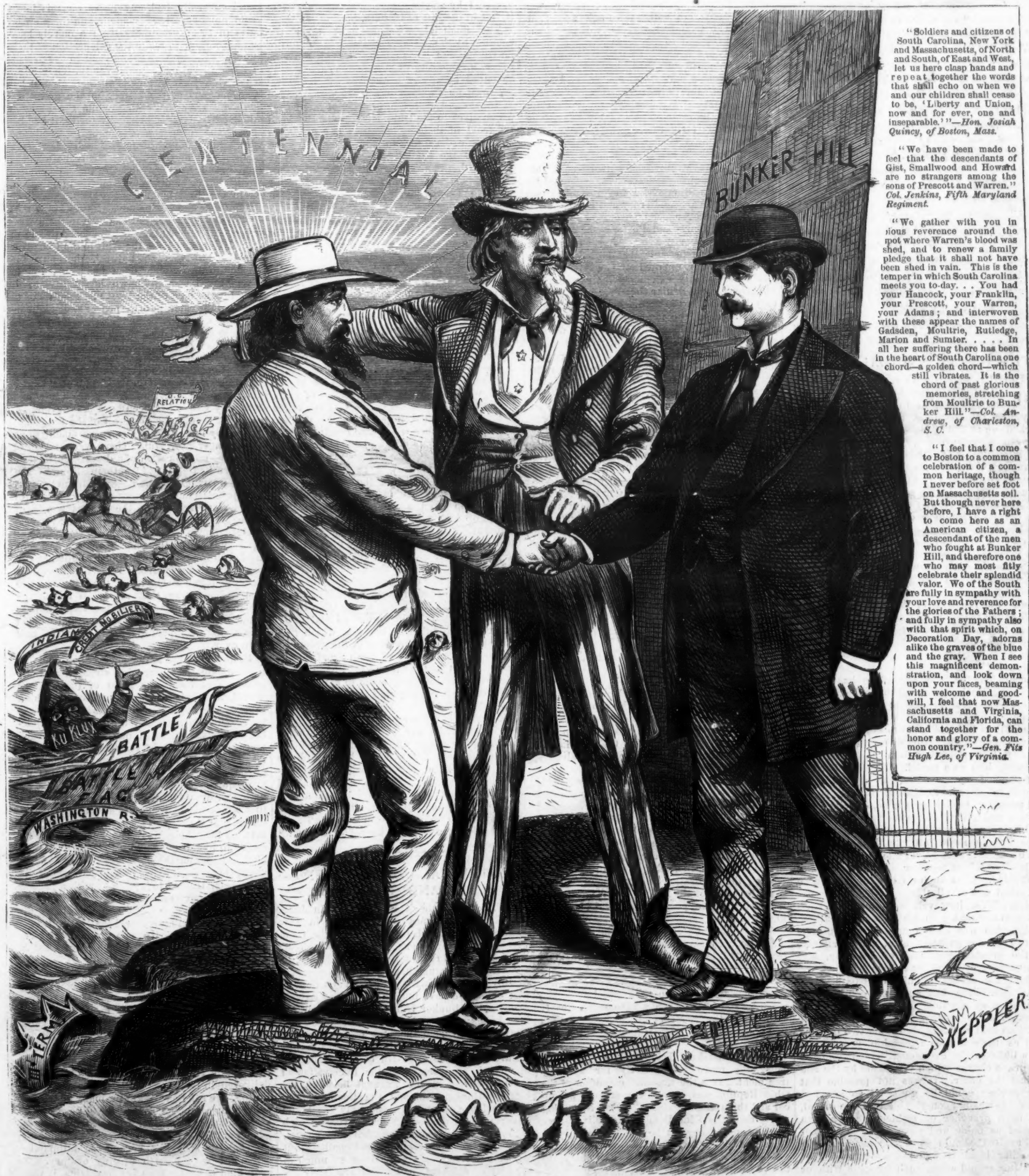
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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"Soldiers and citizens of South Carolina, New York and Massachusetts, of North and South, of East and West, let us here clasp hands and repeat together the words that shall echo on when we and our children shall cease to be, 'Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable.'"—Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Boston, Mass.

"We have been made to feel that the descendants of Gist, Smallwood and Howard are no strangers among the sons of Prescott and Warren."—Col. Jenkins, Fifth Maryland Regiment.

"We gather with you in hious reverence around the spot where Warren's blood was shed, and to renew a family pledge that it shall not have been shed in vain. This is the temper in which South Carolina meets you to-day. . . . You had your Hancock, your Franklin, your Prescott, your Warren, your Adams; and interwoven with these appear the names of Gadsden, Moultrie, Rutledge, Marion and Sumter. . . . In all her suffering there has been in the heart of South Carolina one chord—a golden chord—which still vibrates. It is the chord of past glorious memories, stretching from Moultrie to Bunker Hill."—Col. Andrew, of Charleston, S. C.

"I feel that I come to Boston to a common celebration of a common heritage, though I never before set foot on Massachusetts soil. But though never here before, I have a right to come here as an American citizen, a descendant of the men who fought at Bunker Hill, and therefore one who may most fitly celebrate their splendid valor. We of the South are fully in sympathy with your love and reverence for the glories of the Fathers; and fully in sympathy also with that spirit which, on Decoration Day, adorns alike the graves of the blue and the gray. When I see this magnificent demonstration, and look down upon your faces, beaming with welcome and goodwill, I feel that now Massachusetts and Virginia, California and Florida, can stand together for the honor and glory of a common country."—Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee, of Virginia.

RECONCILIATION—JUNE 17TH, 1875.

UNCLE SAM—"There, shake hands heartily. You couldn't have chosen a better day for the reconciliation of North and South. I am glad to see you together at Bunker Hill, for your fathers fought, shoulder to shoulder, throughout the Revolution. But I wonder what my man Grant would think of this meeting? Are you surprised that he is not here? Do you ask where are his friends Conkling, Morton, Poland, and the rest, with their dreadful Ku-Klux emblems? See them yonder, swept away to be drowned in oblivion, with the sectional hatreds of the past, the war's bitterness, reconstruction's blunders, Crédit Mobilier frauds, "rings" of all kinds, nepotism and Caesarism, by the rising tide of national patriotism, beneath the light of these centennial years."

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, JULY 10, 1875.

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"The Sanctions of Society," "Summer Campaignings," "The Colors in which we are Clad," "Black Robes and Bright Ones," "Cheerful Homes," "Through Evil Report and Good Report," "What New Yorkers are Wearing," the continuation of "The Squire's Legacy" are some of the seasonable subjects and topics of Number 191 of FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL, just out. A Promenade Costume, Children's Suits, Bathing Costumes, and Dresses for Summer Wear are among the Fashion Plates. The beautiful page engravings, "The Pet Elephant," "Moonrise and Sunset," from De Haas's charming painting; "Fruit and Flowers," with Descriptive Poem; "Chacun Pour Soi," from London "Punch," and "Proof Positive," from London "Judy," make up a superb number of this popular LADY'S JOURNAL. For sale at all News Stands. Sent prepaid to any address, one copy for 10 cents, or postpaid three months for \$1.00, or one year for \$4.00. Address,

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537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

THE GREAT SCANDAL TRIAL.

WHILE we write we wait for the verdict. How long it may be necessary to wait, it is impossible to say. Since Thursday, the 24th of June, the jury have been locked up; and judging from present appearances, their deliberations threaten to be as interminable as the cross-examination of witnesses and the speeches of counsel. Of course, speculation is busy as to the possible issue of the trial. By some we are taught to believe that the verdict will be for the defendant. It is the opinion of others that the defendant will be convicted. Some are of opinion that the jurors are hopelessly divided, and that a verdict is impossible. Not a few, on the other hand, boldly contend that a little longer imprisonment will bring the stubborn members to their senses, and secure unity of sentiment. For the sake of the general public, as well as for the sake of the individual reputations at stake, it is greatly to be desired that the jury will so agree as to be able to bring in a unanimous verdict.

No trial in modern times has so excited and so occupied the public mind as has this of Tilton vs. Beecher. Nor, all things being taken into account, is this much to be wondered at. Beecher and Tilton had been friends. For years Tilton had looked up to Beecher respectfully, reverentially, worshipfully, loving him as a father, following him as a teacher, imitating him as a model. On Tilton Beecher had looked as a father would on a son whom he loved, delighting in his youthful promise, tendering advice, offering suggestion and giving him generally the benefit of his larger experience. Later, their relations became more intimate, their friendship more sincere. Like David and Jonathan, their souls seemed knit together, and they could not be divided. That such a friendship should be disturbed was of all things the least to be expected. This, however, was not all. Each had won distinction in his particular calling. Mr. Beecher was looked up to by thousands as one of the greatest men, and, certainly, as the greatest preacher of his day, and his name and fame had been carried far beyond the scenes of his immediate influence. Mr. Tilton had acquired considerable reputation as a public lecturer, as a man of letters, and as a journalist. The prominent positions held respectively by the two men, as well as their known friendship, contributed not a little to the excitement which followed the grave charge which was made by the one against the other. It was not possible that Mr. Beecher could be guilty of so great a crime. It was not conceivable that one friend, and he a preacher of righteousness, a man deemed as noble and pure as he was great and exalted, should so wrong another. On the other hand, it was not conceivable that Mr. Tilton would adopt such a course without grave reasons, or until after the most mature consideration. Not unnaturally, the large majority of the public ranged themselves on the side of the great preacher; and, although Mr. Tilton was not without friends, the feeling

of relief was as general as it was sincere when the Church Commission found the charge unfounded. The case, however, was not allowed to rest here; and when it became known that the matter was to be brought before a civil tribunal, expectation ran high, and it was felt that the affair had acquired as much interest for the general public as for the parties themselves. If Mr. Beecher was guilty, the truth should be known. If he was innocent, he ought not to be allowed to rest under so wicked an accusation. The most sacred public interests—the interests of religion and morality—required that the charge be fairly and fully investigated; and it was a universal opinion when the trial commenced that any failure of justice would be a public calamity.

The trial has extended over six months. It has occupied the public mind as the public mind never was occupied before by a merely civil suit. Every legally available source of evidence has been exhausted; and witnesses were subjected to an ordeal so searching, that little, if any, room was left for concealment or prevarication. Never was evidence more thoroughly scrutinized; never was cross-examination more thorough and complete. The trial has effectually dispelled the idea that the age of great lawyers has passed away. It has brought to light an amount of talent which it was not supposed the country possessed, and permitted an exhibition of forensic ability worthy of any age or of any nation. The lawyers on both sides have won fresh laurels. Never was nobler contest in the forensic arena. The strife was as keen as the interests at stake were large. It was a battle of giants. Each found a foe equal to his strength and worthy of his steel. The cross-examinations as conducted by Fullerton and Morris and Pryor on the one side, and by Everts and Tracy and Porter on the other, have never been surpassed; and the speeches of Everts and Porter and Beach will go down to posterity as masterpieces of special pleading. It is possible that both Mr. Everts and Mr. Beach exposed themselves to the charge of unduly extending their remarks; but in this particular they erred, an excuse may be found in the nature of the case itself, as well as in the mass of evidence it was necessary to consider. And what shall we say of the charge made by the venerable Judge to the jury at the close of trial? For brevity, for clearness, for breadth of view, for comprehensiveness of grasp, for judicial skill, for impartiality, it stands perhaps alone. We question whether in the English tongue an abler charge, all things considered, was ever delivered to a jury. Whatever the result, the trial has given evidence to the world that the Bar of the United States is no unworthy descendant of that of England; and in spite of occasional drawbacks we have every reason to be proud of the ability of our lawyers and of the purity of our judges. In this trial the law, it may be said, has exhausted itself. Nothing more can be done. It has been thorough and it has been impartial. Whether the jury will be able to come to an agreement remains doubtful. If they do agree, no matter what the verdict, the public will be satisfied. If they do not agree, the law can lend no further aid. Another trial is not to be thought of. It would be as unwise as it would be useless.

THE OHIO DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

THE Ohio Democrats have declared in their recent platform that "the contraction of the currency heretofore made by the Republican Party, and the further contraction proposed by it, with a view to the forced resumption of specie payments, has already brought disaster to the business of the country, and threatens general bankruptcy." This is an entire error of statement, complicated with an error of inference. The premise and the conclusion are equally fallacious. Upon the strength of this double-headed blunder they proceed to "demand that this policy be abandoned and that the volume of currency be made and kept equal to the wants of trade, leaving the restoration of legal-tenders to par, gold, to be brought about by promoting the industries of the people, and not by destroying them."

This "demand" shows that the Ohio Democratic error in premise and conclusion is exaggerated by a very error of the moon in point of politico-economical philosophy. Since the day when Astolpho brought home the lost wits of Orlando Furioso in a phial from the moon there has not been a case more clearly calling for the recovery of "lost wits" than that furnished by the framers of this declaration.

But we mistake. There is one case which calls still more imperatively for sanitary treatment. It is the unsound condition of the Ohio Republicans in matters of both practical and theoretical finance. There is nothing worse than the Ohio Democratic deliverances on this topic, except it be the financial blundering of the whole Republican Party from the fatal day when it committed the nation to the policy of a legal-tender paper currency, and thereby perpetrated the most monstrous act of repudiation ever witnessed in the annals of our own or of any other country.

The Roman satirist has asked, "Who could bear the Gracchi complaining of sedition?"

And when we find Republican journals at the East complaining of the financial shortcomings of the Ohio Democrats, we are moved to reconnoitre the glass-houses from which these stones are so heedlessly flung, and if we cannot applaud the prudence of their inmates, we can at least compliment them on their modest assurance.

When, for instance, Republican journals like the New York Times profess to grieve over the defection of the Ohio Democrats from what it deems sound ideas in finance, we might the more readily believe in the sincerity of its sorrow if we could discover in it the marks of any contrition for the original sin committed in this matter by the party to which the Times belongs. The bottomless slough into which the Republican Party has plunged the business interests of the country is the hole of the pit from which the Ohio Democrats have dug their ill-seasoned and misshapen financial plank. They seem to have thought that in their political warfare it is lawful "to fight fire with fire," as is sometimes done in the Western prairies, where the spreading of a conflagration in one direction is arrested by starting a smaller fire ahead of it, but in the line of its path.

The financial woes brought upon the country by the Republican Party in pursuit of its wicked and inept tampering with the currency and credit of the nation are not to be cured by any such strategy as this. The fire must be stamped out, if we would check its ravages. And it is this aspect of the matter which gives to the Ohio declarations the head and front of their offending in our eyes. In their aspirations for an honest currency the people of the United States have a right to look to the Democratic Party for patronage and support. It lies in the traditions of this party to be the determined opponents of a spurious paper money, and the equally determined advocates of gold and silver as the money alike of the Government and of the laboring man who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. The Ohio platform-builders have fallen away from the faith of the Democratic fathers and have wandered after the strange gods of the Republican idolatry.

If this makes their prevarication the more inexcusable, we may also find in this fact the consolatory assurance that their wanderings in the wilderness will be of short duration. It is impossible that anything like the great mass of the Democratic Party can follow such blind guidance, even at the West or at the South, where alone, in small sections of each, this financial infatuation seems to have taken root. The political impolicy of the position assumed by the men who write resolutions for the Ohio Democrats may be clearly seen in the fact that their success on such a platform would be held in some eyes to work more mischief to the prestige of the national party with which they act than would probably result from even a temporary defeat, for success on such a platform might make their co-operation more difficult on the basis of those sounder ideas to which the great mass of the party will infallibly commit themselves in making up the issues of the coming Presidential election. The only protection against this dangerous alternative must be sought in the fact that the discreet minds of the Ohio Democracy are already swift to discard and to denounce the Republican heresies which it is attempted to foist upon them in the guise of a Democratic confession of faith; and in the further fact that the theoretical illogic of the Ohio system-makers may seem to many a sort of *pis aller* when compared with the thrice-sodden folly of the Republican financial pundits who, like Morton in Indiana, or Kelley in Pennsylvania, are still more frantically clamoring for paper money as the catholicon of our national ills. If the blind lead the blind, we have the best authority for expecting that both shall fall into the ditch, and with Morton and his congeners already floundering in the mud and mire of our financial ditch, there seems to be little reason why any Democrat should be anxious to keep company with him there.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS—PEACE AND GOOD-WILL.

AFTER the battle of Bunker Hill, in June, 1775, the times were stirring in New England, and, indeed, throughout all the Colonial States. Hard work had still to be done; and each day brought its fresh difficulty, its fresh defeat or triumph, up until the famous 4th of July of the following year. At this Centennial epoch we have fought our battles so well over again—Bunker Hill has so gloriously followed Lexington and Concord—that we are likely to have some time for rest and reflection before we are called upon to raise our "Hurrah" on the next 4th of July—the one hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. In the interval between the battle of Bunker Hill and the Declaration of Independence, most unquestionably great and important events took place—events which did much to determine the character as well as the fact of our separate nationality; but we have already this year done so much in the way of celebrations that we are fairly entitled to halt and to husband our strength for the crowning celebration which is reserved for the Centennial of the nation's independence.

It is our intention to take advantage of this

pause, and to note some of the more prominent features which have characterized these centennial observances, so far as they have gone. Never, perhaps, in all the past was the distinctive nationality of the American people more strikingly revealed. Although the battles at Lexington and at Concord and at Bunker Hill had a powerful effect in giving form and character to the American Union, they must yet be regarded as to a certain extent local in their character, in their immediate results and in their historical associations. Primarily, they are to be considered the property of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. All the honor and all the glory springing from those contests belong to the Old Bay State. And very worthily on this latest as on many previous occasions did Massachusetts justify her unquestioned claim. But while the people of Massachusetts and the people of New England generally were not denied their right, or in any sense robbed of their privilege, they were not permitted to celebrate those birth-struggles of the nation all alone. It would be absurd to imagine that the people of Massachusetts, or the people of New England generally, had any desire on this latest centennial occasion to contemplate these struggles of their forefathers from a merely local standpoint, or to make the celebration of their memory in any way subservient to the gratification of local or sectional vanity. They know that while their history is all their own, it has become part of the history of the great Republic. They know that while the glory of their early days is primarily theirs, it has become the property of the widespread and powerful nationality into which they have grown, and of which they form but a part; and proud as they are of the inheritance which has come down to them from Lexington, from Concord, from Bunker Hill, as well as from other and later struggles, they know that that inheritance is but common to them with every native-born citizen from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf to the Canadian frontier. It was as natural, therefore, for Boston to throw wide open her gates, and to exemplify her well-known hospitality, as it was for the men of the West and South, not to speak of the veterans of the nearer and neighboring States, to flock to Bunker Hill to take part in these centennial services commemorative of the nation's birth. The demonstrations of the 17th of June—demonstrations which were so fully chronicled and illustrated in these columns last week—gave abundant evidence that during the last hundred years a new and a mighty nation has been born and developed, and that though the youngest of the nations, it is already one of the most prosperous and one of the most powerful. There was no sign of division—no indication of a disaffected West or of a crushed but still mutinous South. The mingled banners in the magnificent and gorgeous procession, representing every section of the Union, as well as the joyous words of peace and good-will spoken by so many representative men on the platform of the Music Hall and elsewhere on that happy day—all tended to show that the national sentiment has acquired strength from recent misfortunes, that the bitter memories of the late strife are fast fading away, that reason is taking the place of passion, and that the Republic has come forth from the late fiery ordeal welded into a more compact and more powerful unit than ever.

If, however, the nations are called upon to contemplate the increasing strength and importance of the young giant of the Western World, it is pleasing for ourselves to think that we are acquiring wisdom with years, and that on this latest occasion of national rejoicing we have exhibited ourselves in a much more agreeable light than in former years. At peace with ourselves, strong, and confident of that strength, it is gratifying to find that we are acquiring the habit of self-restraint, that we no longer offensively project our individuality, that we see good in others as well as in ourselves, that we respect the rights of others, and that, on the whole, there is an earnest, honest desire to live at peace with the rest of human kind. Altogether these centennial services had about them much of that character which we have been trained to associate with a jubilee in the proper sense of that word. The national mind seems to have yielded itself up to the influence of a general joy—a universal gladness of heart. It was a joy mingled with gratitude. It was genuine and sincere, but it was subdued and held in check. It was not outgushing, resistless, boisterous, but calm, considerate, unselfish, full of good feeling and controlled by reason. In nothing is this so conspicuously revealed as in the various speeches which the late celebrations called forth. We do not limit our remarks to the formal speeches delivered at Lexington or at Concord or at Bunker Hill by the orators of the day, or even to the numerous addresses delivered in the Music Hall and elsewhere in Boston. We refer as well to the many addresses spoken by young and old at the different College Commencements. It was not unnatural to expect at this time a huge gush of that "spread-eagleism" which has become so intimately associated with Fourth of July oratory. If such kind of oratory is ever justifiable, it was surely justifiable on this occasion. In place of the usual Fourth of July "buncombe," which has done much to make the nation ridiculous, we find calm, clear, judicial thought, moderation and dignity of expression.

sion, sage reflections on the lessons of history, a grappling not at all unsuccessful with the great questions which affect the life and well-being of a great nation and people, self-respect, but no self-adulation, no scornful disrespect of other nations; but, on the contrary, good feeling, good wishes, and respectful treatment. Abuse of the Mother Country is no longer the burden of the nation—its beginning, its middle, its end. On the contrary, England is spoken of with that respect and reverence which are due from the child to the parent. It was no doubt in a spirit of fun that the editor of the New York *Sun* urged the invitation of Queen Victoria to the forthcoming Centennial at Philadelphia. Such fun would scarcely have been tolerated a few years ago; and, trifling as it may seem, it betrays the national sentiment towards the Mother Country. It is but little likely that Queen Victoria will ever visit these shores; but if she could be induced to come, she would find it difficult to believe that in New York or Boston or Philadelphia she was three thousand miles away from her own loyal people at home. Long may these good feelings continue; and may England and the United States of America—mother and son—representing as they do the great Anglo-Saxon family, while they rival each other in the arts of peace and industry, and while, by example and precept and influence, they preserve the peace of the different nations, go hand-in-hand in the great work of civilizing and benefiting the human family.

Thus looked at, these centennial celebrations give us cause for joy and gratitude. We have made genuine progress; and we have reached an era of peace and good-will. When, in the course of another hundred years, it will be a duty to celebrate the bi-centennial of the Republic, the men of that day will have no cause to regret, if prosperity has advanced in the same proportion, and if they enjoy the same peace at home, and maintain the same friendly relations with foreign powers.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

WHAT a beautiful town Saratoga has grown to be! What a change since Sir William Johnson was first brought hither through the primeval forests from Johnstown upon a litter borne upon the shoulders of his faithful Indians! Compare its sand-heaps and the few houses scattered along the broad avenue running between them, through which one was compelled literally to wade half-leg deep in heated, pulverized silex, thirty years ago, with its now well-graded and macadamized Broadway—more than handsomely built for nearly two miles upon both sides—to say nothing of numerous other streets, parallel and at right angles—likewise well-built—and all adorned with spreading elms and the yet more beautiful maples. Nay, what a change within the last twenty years, when the inhabitants set themselves seriously at work in mending their ways, and planting therein trees. The grounds, too, of the hotels have been improved until they appear like the Elysian Fields—while the additions to the buildings—the United States and Grand Union, for example—are grand and imposing beyond parallel in this country. Nor are the improvements less striking in the country adjacent. It is only a few years since that the pine plains by which the village was environed were considered nearly worthless. But an increase of knowledge in the department of husbandry has wrought a wonderful change; and these waste lands have been transformed into well-cultivated and productive farms:

"The garden blooms with vegetable gold,
And all Pomona in the orchard glows."

We have watched the growth of this place for many years—convinced, as we have been, from the variety and excellence of its mineral waters, that it is destined to be a very large and beautiful town, and that at no very distant day. Almost every year some new fountain, differing in its properties from those previously discovered, is obtained, while those before known are improved in their fixtures so as to bring up the waters in greater purity, and render them more easy and agreeable of access. Had these and other medicinal fountains in the little valleys whence they spring been placed in Greece or Rome, instead of Saratoga, they would have been invested with all that was beautiful in the mythology of the heroic and classic ages. Hygieia would herself have assigned to every spring a nymph, or a minor deity, and the chisels of Phidias and Praxiteles would have been put in requisition to ornament the beautiful temples that would have been reared over them. The Goddess of Health might herself have been chosen to preside over the Congress, while Ægle, the fairest of the Naiades, would have been assigned to the Hathorn. But, perhaps, after all, the ancients were in error as to the local habitations of their divinities. May they not, even now, be sporting and dancing among the pine-groves of Saratoga? These groves are prolific of flowers, and we have more than once seen beautiful forms gliding among the trees as lovely, at least, as ever were seen in the Isles of Greece. Even had these springs existed in England, they would have been held in higher account in the romantic days of St. Dunstan, Robin Hood and Friar Tuck than as yet they have been here. The insipid springs of England were consecrated by the Church in

those days, and shrines were erected near them under the care of some patron saint. Pilgrimages were performed to these fountains, and offerings made at the shrines near them, the devotee kneeling devoutly upon the margin, while drinking of the waters, and throwing in pieces of gold. In this latter custom, Saratoga's devotees are not far behind.

Indeed, everything seems to conspire to make the coming season more brilliant than any of its predecessors—the one *par excellence* that will be long remembered. Never were the leading hotels—and, for that matter, the private boarding-houses—in better order. The Grand Union and the United States have been enlarged and improved until they appear like the fairy palaces of the "Arabian Nights"—the additions to the buildings being grand and improving beyond parallel in this country. The Congress and the Clarendon have also put on new decorations, and will continue to win golden opinions from the traveling community.

Nor have the citizens themselves been idle. On the contrary, they have gone to the utmost of their ability in the matter of making the approaching College Regatta a success. We may say truly that never has there been exhibited—not even at Lake Quinsigamond, or at Springfield—such a desire to make it pleasant for those college crews that will this year "dip the oar." The President of the Saratoga Rowing Association has labored heartily in this work. The proprietor of the Grand Union, Mr. Breslin, has, from his private purse, given a sum sufficient to purchase two beautiful silver cups of Tiffany, finished in a most elaborate manner. A broad sidewalk, ten feet in width, has been built from the village to the Lake, thus obviating the expense of hack-hire, and Colonel D. F. Ritchie, the genial and ever-courteous editor of the *Daily Saratogian*, has, through all vicissitudes, steadily advocated the claims of the students to be received with honor and consideration. Everything seems most auspicious for the coming race. Already a few of the different crews—Hamilton, Union, Cornell, and others—are on the ground. They are practicing with a will, and everything promises a fair and brilliant contest. In addition to this, several new hotels have been erected the past Spring on the banks of the Lake—one near Moon's, called the Briggs House, and another at the White Sulphur Springs, at the foot of Snake Hill.

But these details, and many others, will doubtless be given in multitudes of letters from "our own correspondents" in the different newspapers the coming Summer. Indeed, from what other point of the world can a gossiping letter be so easily written as at Saratoga, where there is so much to study and to learn; where Fashion exalts herself to her topmost pinnacle, and Folly stalks about upon stilts; where to read or think is impossible, and where Indolence holds her court, keeping her listless and yawning subjects in the most entire and unresisting subjection?

Yet there is some small amount of bodily exercise put forth by the visitors here every day. Those who desire to quaff the salubrious waters, fresh and sparkling from the fountains, must bestir themselves with the first flashings of the sunbeams through their casements. It is, indeed, true that there are many of the visitors who have the waters brought to their rooms over-night, and drink them tepid upon their beds in the morning. But the greater portion of both sexes scorn such effeminacy, and hence crowd the principal springs every fair morning. Most agreeable, moreover, are those matin meetings at the fountains, for the interchange of morning salutations. The ladies, too—unless they have remained too long at the dance the preceding evening—how interesting in their undress!—unless they choose to deprive themselves of a large portion of their power to charm, by appearing with their hair in papers! This may be excused, however, at the Springs, but not at the breakfast-table, or when receiving their morning calls. To see bunches of grapes in paper-bags is bad enough; but the rich locks of a lady in papers, the roots of the hair twisted up like a drummer's, and the forehead staring bald, instead of being gracefully tendriled and shadowed! It is a capital offense—a defiance to the love and the admiration of the other sex. Such offenses, however, we understand, this Summer are not frequent, for most of the fair sex know that much of their strength, like Samson's, lies in that gifted ornament.

"Beauty draws us with a single hair,"

says the poet; and why should not a man be caught by a hair as well as a fish?

Altogether we predict for Saratoga a brilliant season.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 26, 1875.

Monday.....116½ @ 116½	Thursday.....117½ @ 117½
Tuesday.....116½ @ 116½	Friday.....117½ @ 117½
Wednesday.....117½ @ 117½	Saturday.....117½ @ 117½

THREE STATE CONVENTIONS met on June 22d. The Democrats of Maine met to nominate a State ticket. General Roberts, of Bangor, was nominated as candidate for Governor. The Independents of California, at Sacramento, entered the canvass with a full State ticket and a Radical platform, and the Prohibitionists of New York, at Syracuse, nominated a full State ticket.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

GOVERNOR TILDEN, by his Canal policy, has saved, says the Boston *Transcript*, \$2,000,000 to the State of New York. He is a model Governor.

TRUTH demands the sacrifice of proudly-cherished associations. So, wishing to sail under true colors, the *Magenta*, at Harvard, one of the most ably edited of college papers, has changed its name to the *Crimson*.

AN AGREEABLE RELIEF.—The substitution in the morning papers of June 25th (the day after the jury went out) of extracts from Tennyson's new drama for long, tedious reports of the Tilton-Beecher trial.

ORGANIZED OPPOSITION TO TAMMANY HALL has adopted a platform with several good points in it. But so many previous attempts of the same kind have come to naught, that comparatively little public interest has yet been taken in the new movement.

A MASS-MEETING of workmen, on the evening of June 21st, denounced John Kelly and Mayor Wickham on account of the reduction of city laborers' wages. This is a matter that comes more directly home to the business and bosoms of a large class of Democratic voters than any merely political question.

THE LATEST VETO of Governor Tilden—that of the extraordinary Canal Repairs Bill—is "just like him," says the *Springfield Republican*. It is clearly right, saves the State a tidy sum of money, and makes it still more up-hilly business for the Republican organs to affect to disbelieve in his sincerity as a reformer.

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHURCH, in his recent interview with a *Tribune* correspondent, expressed with noteworthy moderation his views on national politics. One statement made by him should meet with universal favor—that "our great centennial will prove the happiest and most successful moment for a full restoration to the South of all her rights."

VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON'S LETTER to the Boston *Advertiser* is chiefly important as an authoritative protest on the part of "the only surviving representative in a high official station" of the founders and early leaders of the Republican Party, against what may be summed up in one word, "Grantism," as a controlling element in the next Presidential election.

A LONG STRIDE TOWARDS RAPID TRANSIT is the completion of the Fourth Avenue Improvement so far that trains may now run in fifteen minutes from Forty-second Street to the Harlem River. This improvement—one of the best specimens of engineering in the country—is, we hope, but the beginning of a series of public works, railways, piers, docks, tunnels and bridges, which shall establish, at no distant date, the claim of New York city to metropolitan distinction.

THE RAPID TRANSIT BILL was signed by Governor Tilden on June 18th. Under the first section of the act the Mayor is authorized to appoint five commissioners to determine the route and place of steam railroads on the sworn testimony of fifty reputable householders or taxpayers that such roads are needed. The commissioners must be appointed within thirty days from the date of the signing of the bill. So the citizens of New York have got thus far towards a consummation devoutly to be desired.

THE IOWA DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION which met at Des Moines, June 24th, numbering more than three hundred delegates, nominated Hon. Shepard Leffle for Governor, on a One-Term, Anti-Prohibition platform. Their tenth resolution blows hot and cold at once on the financial question. "We are in favor," it declares, "of the resumption of specie payments, as soon as the same can be done without injury to the business interests of the country; and, in the meantime, a sufficient supply of the national currency for business purposes, and opposition to the present national banking laws."

ALTHOUGH gold has actually been found in the Black Hills region, according to the latest reports, yet Professor Janney is very definite and positive in his assurance that the yield of gold, the facilities for mining it, and the prospect of getting it in paying quantities, are not at all encouraging. Nevertheless, the excitement on the subject is deep and widespread among the border communities, and, as the *Tribune* remarks, the nation will be fortunate, indeed, if the Black Hills region is not within a few months the scene of broken faith and bloodshed, as well as of a great immigration.

TOO MANY ARTISTS are satisfied, during their Summer excursions, with making meagre sketches which they afterwards "work up" in the Winter gloom of their studies, for exhibition at the Academy, or for sale at city auction rooms. But landscape painting in France was happily revolutionized by the late lamented "Father" Corot, who painted, as well as sketched, out-doors. Like Corot, and before ever hearing of him or seeing his pictures, the Frankenstein Americans, notwithstanding their German name and origin—learned to do the same. It was thus they have sought to represent on canvas the characteristic features of Western rivers, forests, and prairies, the luminous mists of Atlantic harbors, the Cataract of Niagara, with its vivid contrasts of grandeur and beauty, its dense mass of madly plunging waters and its "showers of opalescent spray," and, in the Old World, the sublimities of the snowy Alps. It is thus that Mr. G. L. Frankenstein has faithfully reproduced the scenery of the beautiful Lake Mahopac in a picture now on exhibition at his studio, corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway. And, finally, it is thus that our most distinguished landscape-painters might win additional fame if inspired by the sunset glories or moonlit loveliness of Saratoga Lake.

MORTIMER THOMSON, universally known as a comic writer under the nom de plume of "Doc-sticks," died June 25th. He was buried on the following Sunday in Greenwood, the funeral services

having previously been performed at the "Little Church Around the Corner," in Twenty-ninth Street, by the Rev. Dr. Houghton and the assistant pastor. The rosewood casket that contained the remains was covered with floral tributes from the late Mr. Thomson's associates in Mr. Frank Leslie's Publishing House, from clerks in the Post Office, and other personal friends. Members of the Scribblers' Club and representatives of various city journals were at the funeral. Among the pall-bearers were Caleb Dunn, Frank J. Ottarson, Algernon S. Sullivan, Jos. Howard, Henry Leslie, Samuel A. MacKeever, William S. Riddle, J. B. Mix, and Excise Commissioner Stiner. Upon the grave of the dead humorist a poetic offering was laid by its author, Mr. Ottarson, after he had read it with deep emotion. We select from this a single verse, that might well serve as an epitaph for our lamented friend:

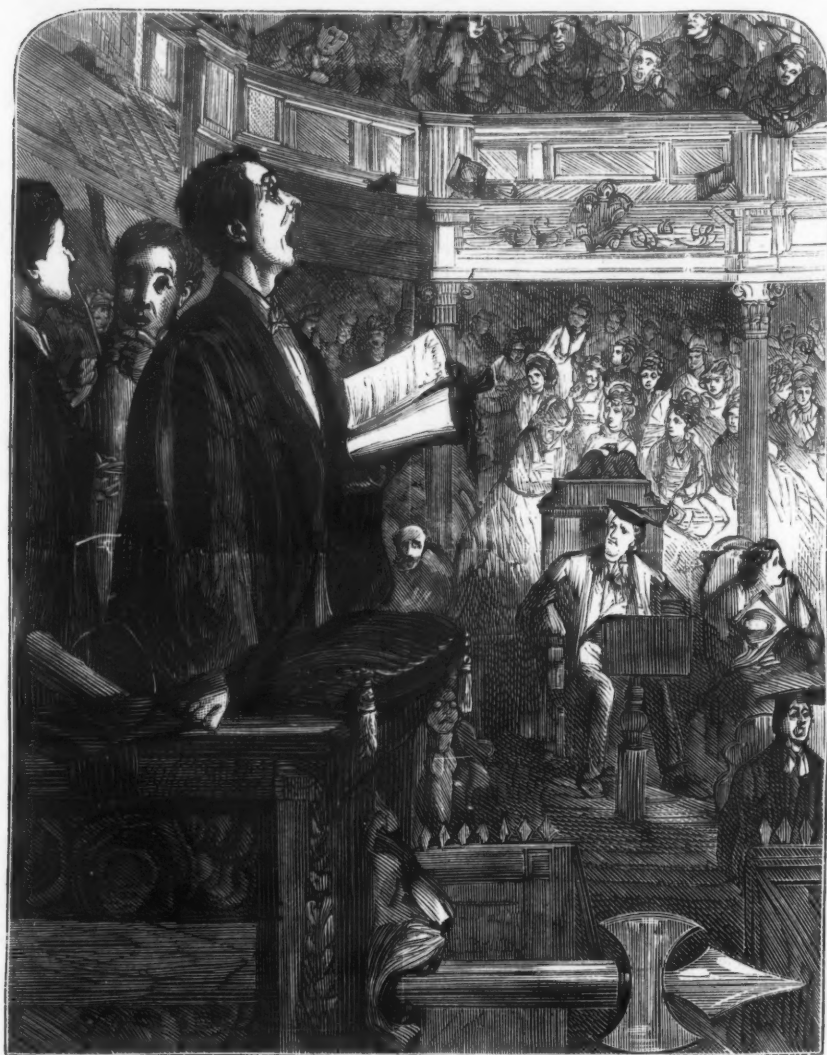
"A nature genial as the sun;
A heart as tender as a dove's;
A soul to kindness quickly won.
That shunned all hates and chafed all loves;
A bright quick fancy full of mirth
That gladdened many a weary heart."

Notwithstanding the ephemeral fame which generally seems to be the lot of American humorists, the memory of Mortimer Thomson, as not only one of the earliest, but also one of the truest and most widely popular among them, will long be kept green in the records of our literature, as well as in the hearts of those to whom his genial nature endeared him.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE BILL, amending the Charter of the American Institute, which was passed by a vote of six to one in both branches of the Legislature, was signed by Governor Tilden in its regular order. Much opposition was made by interested office-holders at every stage, but all was of no avail. The amendments proposed were of a necessary and most practical character, and had the hearty approval of the great body of the members of the Institute. Special praise is due to Messrs. Wachner, Davis, Daley and McGuire, of the Assembly, for their manly advocacy of the Bill, and also to Senators Gross, Lowrey, Dickinson, Fox, Coe, McGowan, Ledwith, King, Middleton, Dayton, Ray, Parmenter, Robertson, Johnson, Bradley, Dow, Woodin, and others, for a careful consideration of the merits of the Bill, and an intelligent and efficient support of the measure on its final passage. The most strenuous efforts were made by Assemblyman W. H. Gedney and Senator James W. Booth to kill the Bill, in the interest of the salaried and other office-holders, Senator Booth going so far as to declare that the Bill should not pass. The members of the Institute were represented before the Committees of the House and Senate by James H. Sackett, General John Cochran, Colonel F. A. Conkling, Frank Leslie, H. L. Stuart, Dr. John B. Rich and others. The representatives of all leading New York city journals heartily supported the efforts of these gentlemen, and the property, franchises and rights of the corporation are now secured to its membership, numbering over four thousand, against further attempts of the selfish Ring of scheming office-holders who have for the past two years sought to take uncontrolled possession of them. Some important reforms are secured—such, for instance, as making all salaried employees ineligible to hold office, thus saving some thousands of dollars annually; prescribing new and definite terms of membership; providing for the election of auditors and inspectors of election by the members of the Institute; authorizing the challenging and swearing-in of voters; fixing the conditions on which the highest award of the Institute shall be conferred, and creating a board of thirteen trustees and a board of twenty-one managers.

MOODY AND SANKEY AND THE ETON BOYS.—It is not wonderful that the great American revivalists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, should have been anxious to visit Eton—the seat of the most aristocratic of all the great public schools of England. To reach the Eton boys is to reach the future rulers of England, both civil and ecclesiastical. It is not wonderful that the Eton boys should have been desirous to see and hear the men who were gathering such crowds around them wherever they went, and about whom and whose teaching the public prints were every day so crowded. If leading statesmen and noble lords and prominent divines might enjoy the novelty of the religious entertainment which these gentlemen so skillfully furnish, why should not the Eton boys? This entertainment, however, they were not permitted to enjoy. Messrs. Moody and Sankey were willing to go to Eton; nay, were anxious to go, for, among the young men whose privilege it is to be to direct and control the future destiny of the British Empire, what good might they not accomplish? The boys, it seems, were divided—some in favor of, but the majority opposed to, the proposed visit. The authorities of Eton were at their wit's end. It would never do to allow those revolutionary preachers to disturb the opinions or affect the ecclesiastical tastes of so many prospective patrons and prospective bishops. The question engages the attention of both Houses of Parliament; and it is discussed with much seriousness in the leading daily newspapers. At the last moment Messrs. Moody and Sankey are forbidden to visit Eton; and as a compromise they hold a meeting at Windsor, on the opposite side of the Thames. Was there ever such a farce? Surely the Empire is in trouble when danger is apprehended from two plain, earnest American men telling the gospel story—coming in contact with the boys at a public school. But no. It is only that wretched red-tapeism which, in spite of all recent reforms, holds the higher class of Englishmen in bondage. Eton, like Oxford, must be guarded against dangerous innovations. A Church which will not allow its burying-places to be open to dissenters cannot be expected to be so inconsistent as to listen to uneducated, unlicensed and unordained preachers. This touch of persecution may be as damaging to the Established Church as it will be a positive gain to Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and the cause which they represent.

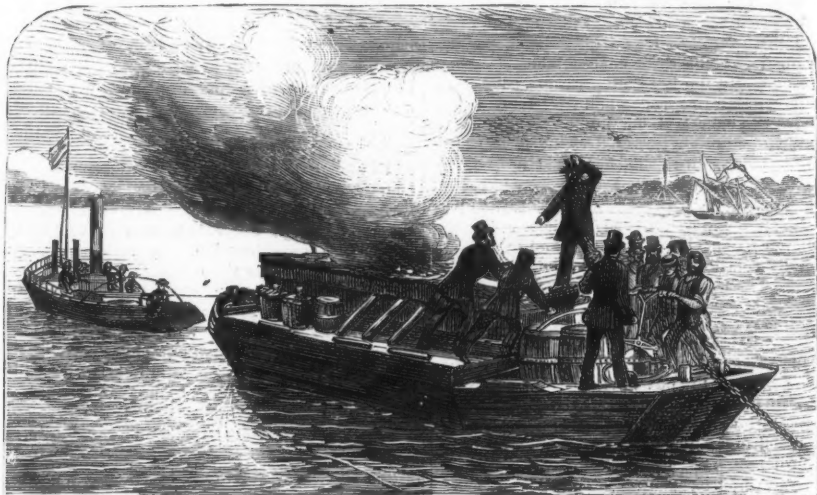
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 315.



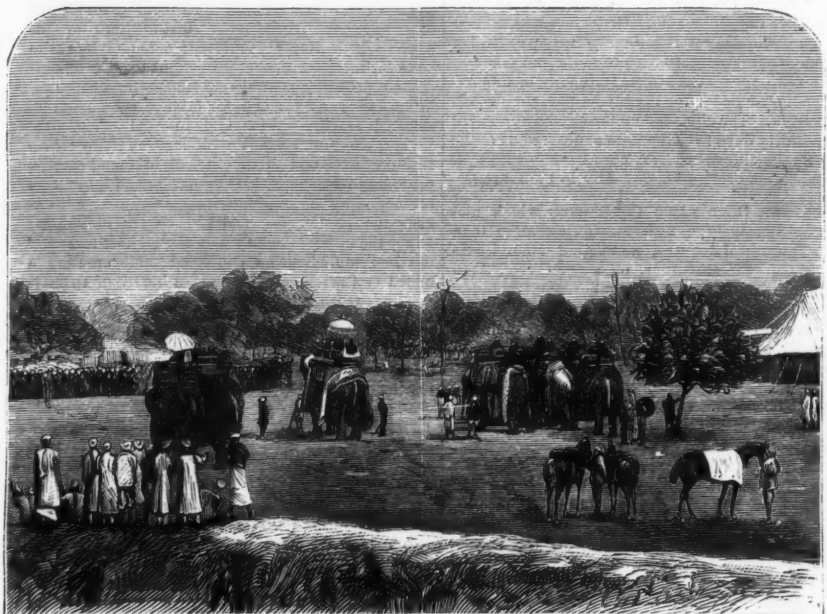
ENGLAND.—"SPEAK UP, SIR!"—A REMINISCENCE OF OXFORD COMMEMORATION.



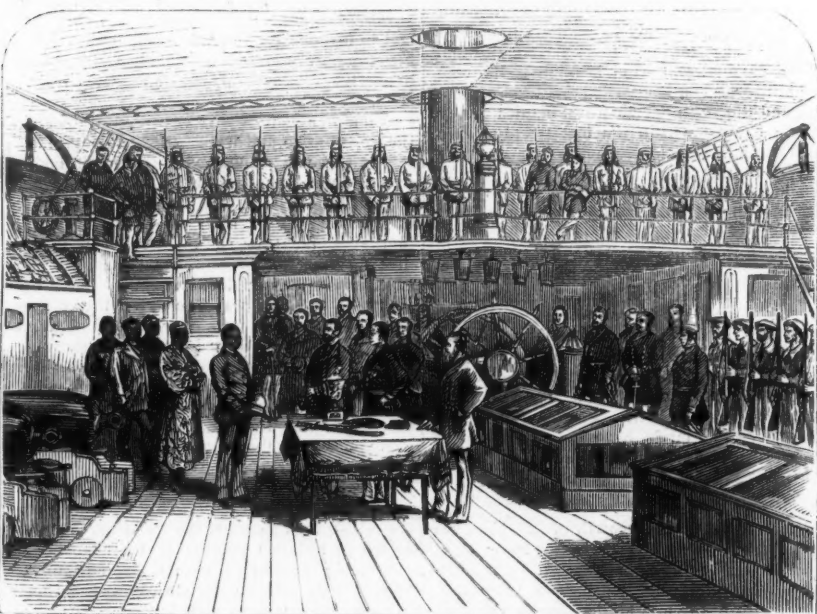
ENGLAND.—TENT-PEGGING AT HURLINGHAM.



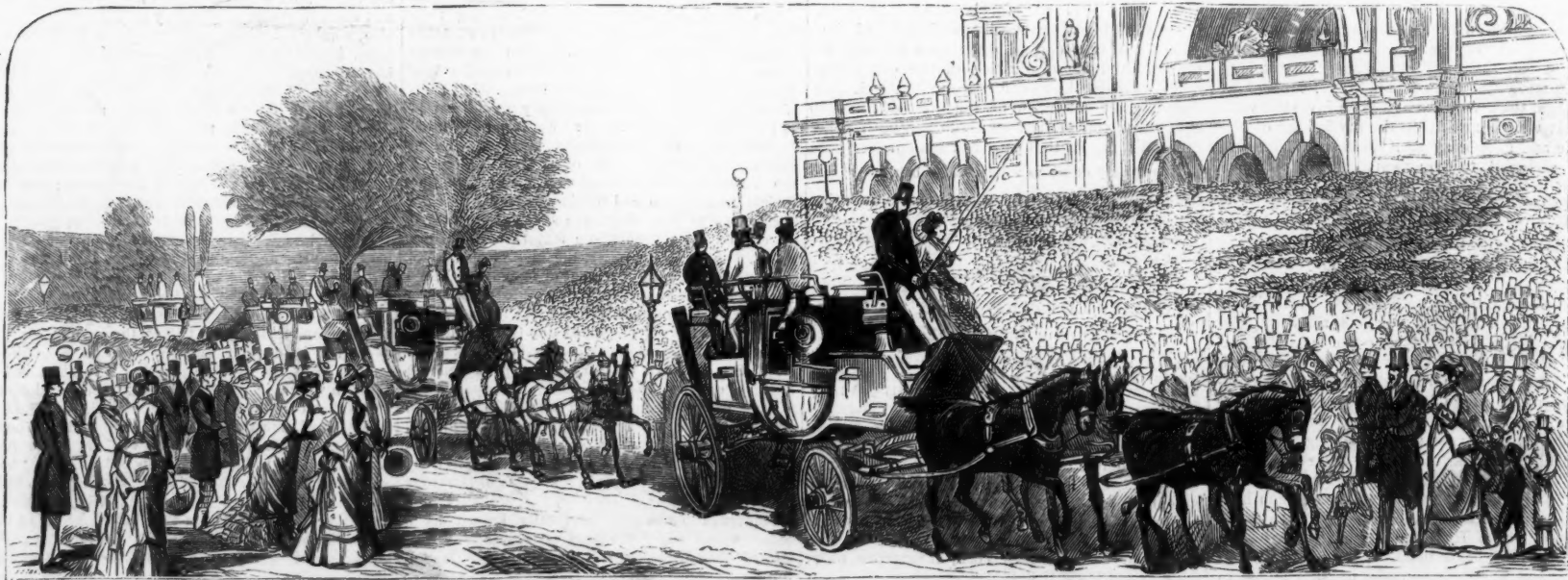
ENGLAND.—EXPERIMENTS AT GREENHITHE WITH THE PYROLETER FOR EXTINGUISHING FIRE ON BOARD SHIP.



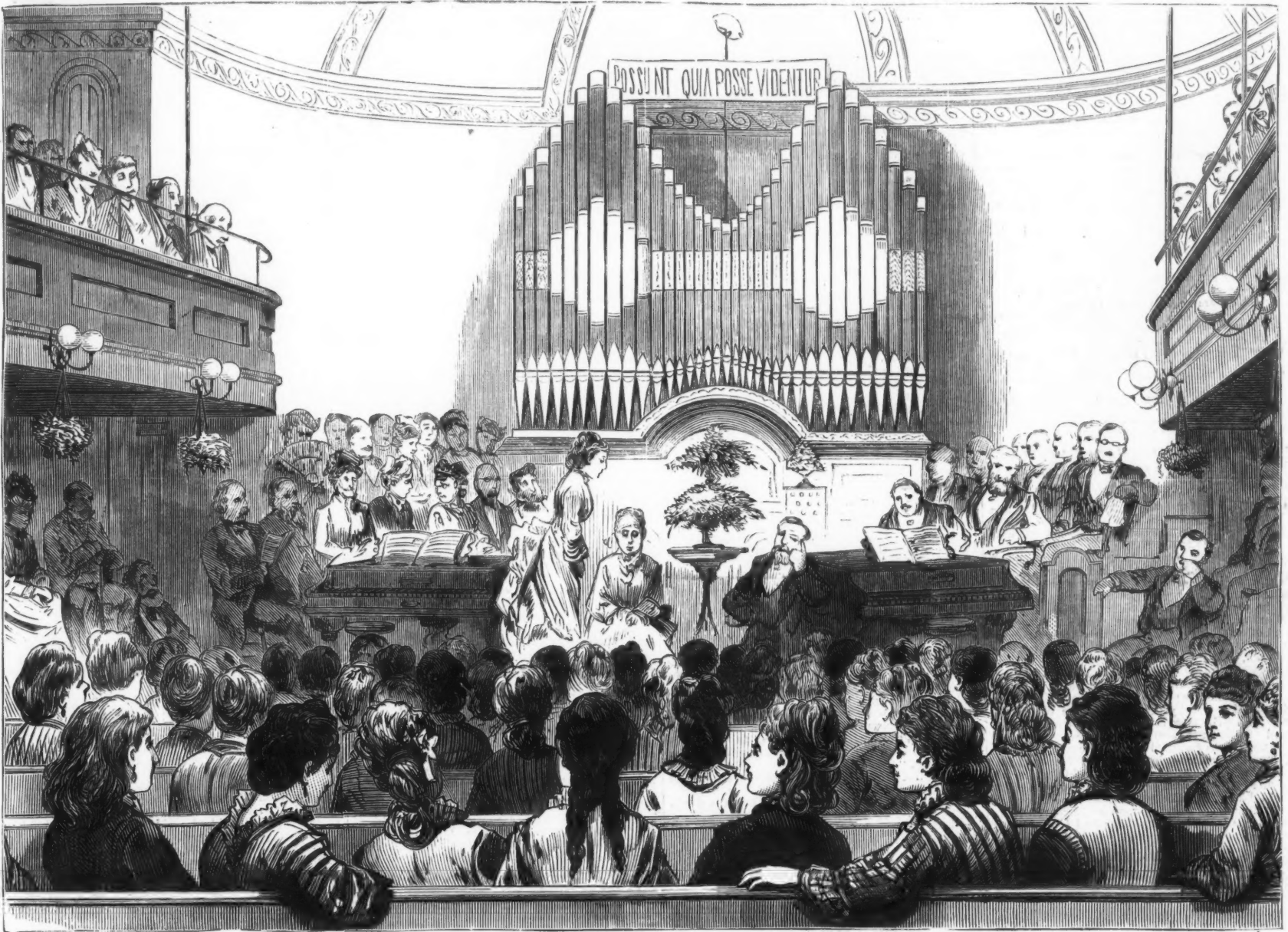
BRITISH INDIA.—THE RAJAHS, PRINCES AND CHIEFS PASSING IN REVIEW BEFORE THE VICEROY AT DELHI.



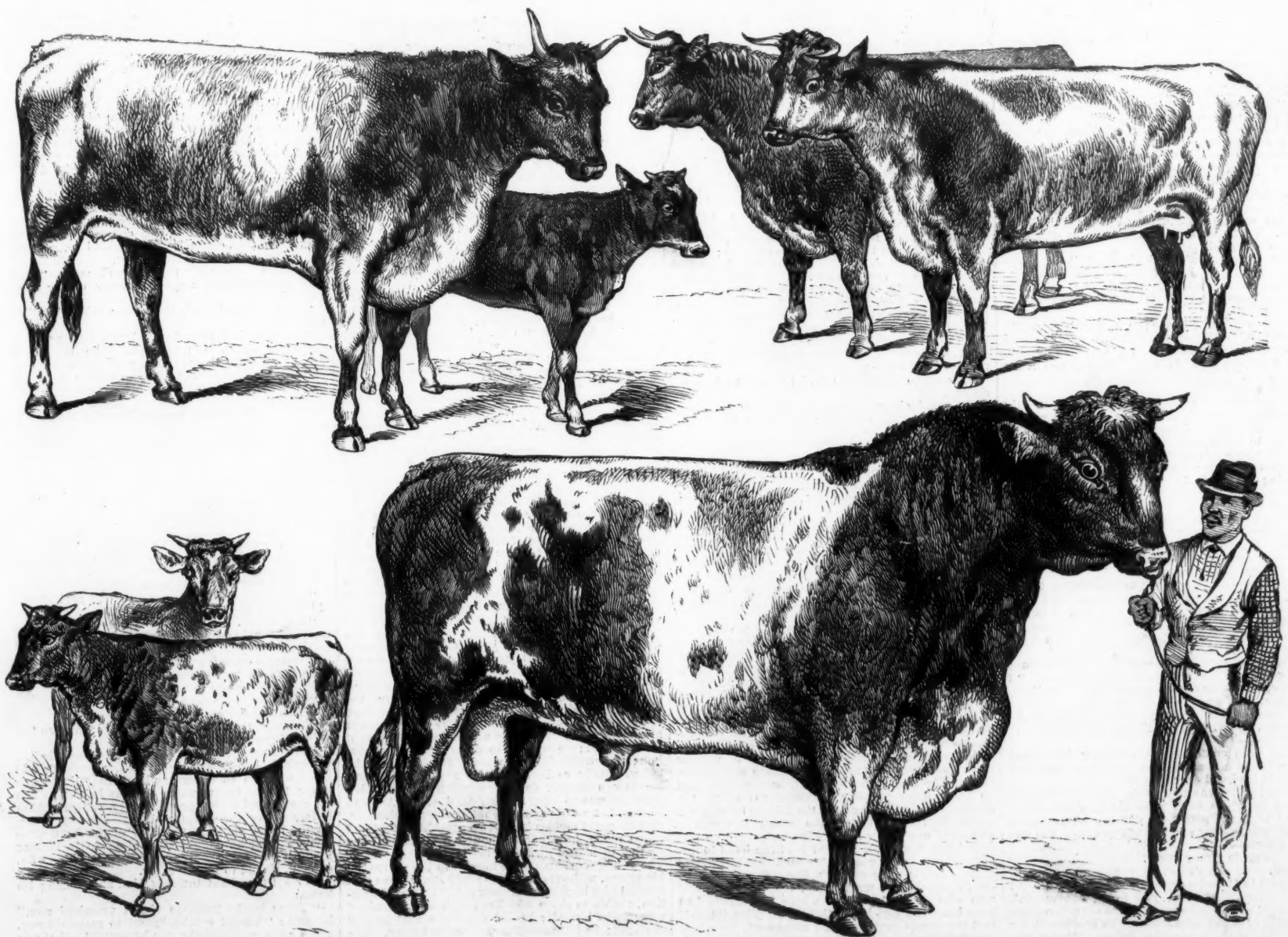
WESTERN AFRICA.—COMMODORE SIR W. HEWITT DELIVERING PRESENTS TO KING GEORGE PEPPEL.



ENGLAND.—RECENT MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB ON THE TERRACE BELOW THE ALEXANDRA PALACE, MUSWELL HILL, LONDON.



NEW YORK.—COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AT VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE.—SEE PAGE 315.



VALUABLE SHORT-HORNED CATTLE BOUGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA BY MR. GEORGE W. FOX, OF ENGLAND, AND SHIPPED TO LONDON ON THE STEAMER "HOLLAND," JUNE 24TH.—SEE PAGE 315.

LOVE.

LOVE is not made of kisses, or of sighs,
Of clinging hands, or of the sorceries
And subtle witchcrafts of alluring eyes.

Love is not made of broken whispers; no!
Nor of the blushing cheek, whose answering glow
Tells that the ear has heard the accents low.

Love is not made of tears, nor yet of smiles;
Of quivering lips, or of enticing wiles;
Love is not tempted; he himself beguiles.

This is Love's language, but this is not love.

If we know aught of Love, how shall we dare
To say that this is Love, when well aware
That these are common things, and Love is rare?

As separate streams may, blending, ever roll
In course united, so, of soul to soul,
Love is the union into one sweet whole.

As molten metals mingle; as a chord
Swells sweet in harmony; when Love is lord,
Two hearts are one, as letters form a word.

One heart, one mind, one soul, and one desire,
A kindred fancy, and a sister fire
Of thought and passion; these can Love inspire.

This makes heaven of earth; for this is Love.

THE TREASURE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE,

BY

RICHARD BEVERLEY.

A YOUNG girl and an old man were seated in a little garret-room, the furniture of which, though more than modest, was kept with care, and gave evidence of an indigence that had not lost heart. Order, taste and neatness shed a kind of elegance on the poor interior. Everything was in its place: the floor was carefully washed; the faded hangings were spotlessly clean; and the window was furnished with small curtains of coarse muslin, on which numerous darns formed a sort of embroidery; while some common flower-pots adorned the outer sill, and the window being half-open, scented the room with their pleasant odors.

It was near sundown. A purple radiance lit up the humble dwelling; resting on the young girl's pleasing countenance and on the old man's silver hair. He was leaning back in a rush-bottomed armchair, that an industrious solicitude had fitted up with tow-stuffed cushions, covered with a patchwork of calico-print. An old foot-warmer, turned into a footstool, supported his mutilated feet, and his only remaining arm rested on a small round table, on which a meerschaum pipe was to be seen, and a tobacco-pouch embroidered with colored beads. The old soldier had one of those hardy and furrowed faces in which roughness is tempered by frankness. A gray mustache concealed the half-smile that kept his lips apart, while he gazed, as it were unconsciously, at the girl. She seemed to be about twenty years of age. Her complexion was dark; her features kindly and yet lively, betraying her emotions by sudden and rapid expression. Her whole countenance resembled in its openness one of those beautiful pieces of water that let everything they contain be seen to the very bottom.

She had a newspaper in her hand, and was reading to the old pensioner; suddenly she stopped and listened.

"What is it?" asked the old man.

"Nothing!" answered the girl, on whose face disappointment was visible.

"You thought you heard Charles," said the soldier.

"Yes, I did," replied the reader, slightly blushing; "his day's work must be finished, and it is the time when he comes in."

"When he does come," added Vincent, with a tone of displeasure.

Susannah opened her lips to defend her cousin; but her judgment, doubtless, protested against that intention, for she checked herself, as if at a loss, and then fell a-dreaming.

The pensioner passed his only remaining hand over his mustache, and began to twist it impatiently. This was his regular movement whenever he was displeased.

"Our recruit beats a bad march," he began again at last; "he comes home sullen; he neglects his work to frequent the tavern and run after merry-makings; and all that will be a bad ending for him and us."

"Don't say that, uncle; you would bring ill-luck on him," said the girl, as if feeling hurt. "It will soon blow by, I hope. For some time cousin has got notions into his head. He has lost heart for his work."

"And why that?"

"Because he has nothing to expect from it. He believes all the efforts of the workman are useless for his future, and maintains that it is best to live from day to day without foresight or hope."

"Ah! that's his system, is it?" said the old man, with a frown; "well, he has not the honor of having invented it. We had reasoners in the regiment, who exempted themselves from setting out under pretext that the way was too long, and lagged behind in the depots while their companies were marching into Madrid, Berlin and Vienna. Your cousin does not know, you see, that by merely setting one foot before the other the shortest legs may travel to Rome."

"Ah! if you could get him to understand that," said Susannah, with anxious eagerness. "I have tried to convert him by counting what a good binder like him might save; but when I reach the sum, he shrugs his shoulders, and says that women don't understand anything about arithmetic."

"And then you, you give up all hope, poor girl!" continued Vincent, with a pitying smile. "I see, now, why your eyes are so often red—"

"Uncle, I assure you—"

"What is it that makes you forget to water the carnations, and why you don't sing any more—?"

"Uncle—"

Susannah, in confusion, kept looking down, and turning up the corner of the newspaper. The pensioner laid his hand on her head.

"Come! She was not going to think that I'm scolding her!" he said, with kindly gruffness of tone. "Is it not plain why you are interested in Charles, who is your cousin just now, and will one day, I hope—"

The girl made a movement.

"Well, no. Don't let us speak any more of that," said the pensioner, interrupting himself. "I always forget that with you folks; one mustn't know what one does know. Let us speak no more about it, I say, but return to that ne'er-do-well, for whom you have a friendly feeling—that's the proper phrase, isn't it?—and who has quite as much for you?"

Susannah shook her head.

"That is, he once had," she said, "but for some time . . . if you knew how cold he is, and how listless he seems."

"Yes," answered Vincent, musingly, "when one has tasted those loud amusements, household pleasures seem insipid; it's like thin home-made wine after brandy; we know about that, my girl; many of us have passed through that."

"But they have got over it," remarked Susannah, "and Charles may get over it, too. Perhaps if you were to speak to him, uncle—"

The old man made a gesture of disbelief.

"Those diseases are not to be doctored by words," he replied, "but by deeds. We cannot get a reasonable man at a moment's notice any more than a good soldier. Your cousin, you see, wants the will, because he has no end in view; we must let him see one, to make him take heart again; but it's no easy business. I'll think about the matter."

"It is he, this time," broke in the girl, who had recognized her cousin's hurried step on the stair.

"Silence in the ranks, then!" said the pensioner; "don't let us seem as if we were thinking of the gentleman. To your reading again!"

Susannah obeyed, but the trembling of her voice would easily have revealed her emotion to an attentive observer. While her eyes followed the printed lines, and her lips mechanically pronounced the words, her ears and her thoughts were entirely taken up with her cousin, who had opened the door and laid his cap on the table in the middle of the room. Not to interrupt the reading, the young workman gave no salutation to either his uncle or his cousin, but, going up to the window, leaned against it, with his arms crossed. Susannah went on without knowing what she was saying. She was at that mosaic of detached and often contradictory items of information grouped under the title of General News. Charles, who had at first appeared to be absent, at last paid attention, as it were, in spite of himself. The girl, after several notices of thefts, fires and accidents, reached the following paragraph: "A poor peddler of Besancon, named Pierre Lefevre, wishing at any cost to make a fortune, conceived the idea of setting out for India, which he had heard spoken of as the land of gold and diamonds. So he sold all the little he possessed, went to Bordeaux, and engaged as under cook in an American vessel. Eighteen years passed away without any more word of Pierre Lefevre. Now, however, his relatives have at length received a letter, saying he will be home shortly, and telling them that the ex-peddler, after inexpressible fatigues and unheard-of ups and downs of fortune, arrives in France with one eye and only one arm, but possessed of a fortune which is estimated at two millions." Charles, who had listened to the paragraph with growing attention, could not keep from exclaiming, "Two millions!"

"That'll do to buy a glass eye and an artificial arm," observed the old soldier, ironically.

"There's good luck for you!" went on the workman, who had not heard his uncle's reflection.

"Which he has not procured on credit," added the pensioner.

"Eighteen years of inexpressible fatigues!" added Susannah, dwelling on the expressions of the newspaper.

"What does it matter when there is a fortune at the end of it?" answered Charles, with animation.

"The hard thing is not to undertake a bad road or endure ill weather in order to get at good quarters, but it is marching on to arrive nowhere."

"And so," replied the girl, looking up timidly at her cousin, "you envy the peddler's lot, do you?"

You would give all the years of your youth, one of your eyes, one of your hands—

"For two millions," broke in Charles; "to be sure I would. You have only to find me a purchaser at this price, Susannah, and I promise you a portion of pines."

The girl turned away her head without replying. Her heart was full, and a tear stood in her eye.

Vincent also held his peace; but he began to twist his mustache morosely. There was a long silence; the three actors in the scene were internally pursuing each their own train of thought. The noise of the clock striking eight startled Susannah from her musing. She got up quickly, and began to set the supper. It was sad and short; Charles, who had spent the last third of the day at the tavern with his comrade, was not disposed to eat, and Susannah had lost her appetite. Vincent alone did honor to the frugal meal; for the trials of war had accustomed him to maintain the privileges of the stomach in the midst of all emotions; but he was soon satisfied, and went on back to his stuffed armchair near the window. After having made everything tidy, Susannah, who felt the need of being alone, took a light, and, kissing her uncle, retired to a little closet that she occupied up-stairs.

Vincent and the young workman were now alone. The latter was also going to wish his uncle good night, when the old soldier signed to him to bolt the door and come near him.

"I have to speak to you," he said to him, seriously.

Charles, looking for reproaches, remained standing in front of the old man; but he made a sign to him to sit down.

"Have you well considered the words you uttered a little while ago?" said he, fixing his eye on his nephew.

"Would you really be capable of a long effort to arrive at fortune?"

"Me! can you doubt it, uncle?" replied Charles, surprised at the question.

"So you would consent to be patient, to keep steady at work, to change your habits?"

"If it would serve any purpose to me. . . ."

But why ask such a question?"

"You will see just now," said the pensioner, as he opened one of a little chest of drawers, in which he was wont to put away the newspapers lent him by one of his tenants.

He searched some time among the printed sheets; took one of them, opened it, and showed Charles an article marked with his nail. The young workman read half aloud: "Application has been made to the Spanish Government in regard to a deposit interred on the banks of the Douro, after the battle of Salamanca. It would appear that, during that famous retreat, a company belonging to the first division, and which was charged with the protection of several wagons, was cut off from the main army, and surrounded by such a superior force that every attempt at resistance was impossible. The officer in command, seeing there was no more hope of piercing his way through the enemy, took advantage of the night to get the chests interred by some of the soldiers in whom he had most confidence; and then, sure that no one would find them out, ordered his little band to disperse, that every one might seek by himself to escape through the enemy's line. Some did succeed in gaining the main body; but the officer and men who knew the place where the chests had been buried all perished in that flight. Now, it is said that the chests contained the money of the whole corps d'armee; that is, a sum of about three million francs." Charles stopped and looked at the pensioner, his eyes beaming.

"May you have been one of this company?" he cried.

"I was," replied Vincent.

"You know of the existence of the deposit?"

"I was one of those whom the captain charged with the undertaking, and the only one among them who escaped the balls of the enemy."

"Then you could give information to aid in recovering it?" asked Charles, with still greater animation.

"All the more easily that our captain made us take for landmark the position of two hills and a rock; I would recognize the spot as surely as the place of the bed in this room."

Charles sprang to his feet.

"But then your fortune is made!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Why have you not spoken of it? The French Government would have accepted all your proposals."

"Perhaps," said Vincent; "But, at any rate, they would have been useless."

"How?"

"Spain has refused the authorization requested. Read this."

He handed the young workman a second newspaper, which indeed announced that the petition in regard of the search for the deposit of the French, in 1812, on the banks of the Douro, had been rejected by the Government at Madrid.

"But what need of permission?" objected Charles. "Where's the necessity of officially attempting a search that can be made without any fuss or noise? Once on the spot, with the ground purchased, who would hinder us from digging? who would suspect the discovery?"

"I have often thought of that during these thirty years," answered the soldier; "but where get the sum necessary for the journey and the purchase?"

"Can't we apply to those who are richer than we, and let them into the secret?"

"But how to get them to believe? Or how prevent the abuse of our confidence, suppose they do believe? If it happened, as in the fable you were reading the other day to your cousin, that, at the division, the lion kept the whole of the prey, then you would need, besides the fatigues of the journey and the risks of failure, to brave the torments of a law-suit. To what end, say I, does the little that remains to me of life deserve so much ado? To Jericho with the millions that one has to go and search for? I have two hundred francs of a pension, thanks to the little woman there, that's enough—along with my cross—for the daily ration, and my tobacco. I laugh at the rest as at a squad of Cossacks."

"And so you will let the occasion slip?" replied Charles, with feverish animation. "You will refuse the riches?"

"For myself, decidedly," answered the old man; "but for you, that's another thing. I saw a little while ago that you were ambitious; that you would do anything to get into the company of the millionaires. Well, then, get together the sum we need for the journey, and I will set out with you."

"Never! You?"

"Earn two thousand francs. On that condition I give you a treasure. Is it done?"

"Done, uncle!" cried Charles, enthusiastically. Then taking himself, he added, in alarm, "But how can I get together so much money? I'll never manage it."

"Work heartily, and bring me regularly your week's earnings, and I promise you shall succeed."

"Think, uncle, the savings of a workman are a mere trifle."

"That's my concern."

"How many years will it need?"

"You offered eighteen a little while ago, with an eye and arm into the bargain."

"Ah, if I were sure!"

"Of getting a treasure? I swear you shall, on the ashes of the Little Corporal."

That was the soldier's chief asseveration. Charles could not doubt of his being in earnest. Vincent again encouraged him, by repeating that he had his future in his hand; and the young man went away to bed, determined to strain every nerve. But his uncle's secret had awakened too magnificent hopes in his mind for him sleeping. He spent the night in a kind of fever, calculating the means of most rapidly gaining the sum that he required; arranging the outlay of his future wealth; and running over one after another, as if they had been realities, all the day-dreams he had till then indulged. When Susannah came down next morning he was already away to his work. Vincent, who noticed the girl's astonishment, wagged his head and smiled, but said nothing. He had recommended the secret to the young workman, and wished to keep it himself. It was needful, too, to see how far Charles would preserve his new resolutions.

The first months were the most trying. The young workman had got into habits which he strove in vain to break off. Keeping steadily at work was insupportable. He had to give up that capricious mobility which till then had alone ruled his actions; to surmount weariness and disgust; to resist the urgency of his old comrades. It was a hard task at first. Often did his courage grow weak, and he was on the point of falling back into his old irregularities; but the importance of the end to be gained reanimated him. When he brought his earnings, which were increasing from week to week, to the old soldier, he always felt a renewal of hope, which made him take heart again—it was a very little step towards the goal, but it was a step! Every day, too, the effort was becoming easier. As his life became more regular, his tastes took a new direction. The assiduous labor of the day made the repose of the evening more sweet. The forsaking of his noisy companions gave a new charm to the company of his uncle and cousin. She had resumed her friendly familiarity. Only concerned about Vincent and Charles, she managed to turn every meeting into a feast, of which her own heart supplied all the expense. There was every day some new surprise, some charming attention, to tighten affection by the bands of sensibility and joy. Charles was quite astonished to find in his cousin qualities and graces that he had never observed before. She became, by imperceptible degrees, more and more indispensable to him. Without his being aware, the object of his life was changing its place. The hope of the treasure promised by Vincent was no longer his only motive. At every action he had thought of Susannah; he wished to deserve her approbation; to become dearer to her. The life which he led gradually extinguished his ardent ambitions. He saw a simple and a nearer happiness. His paradise was no longer a fairyland of the Arabian Nights, but a little space peopled with attachments, that he could enclose in his two arms. All that had taken place, however, without his explaining the matter to himself, without his taking notice of it. The young workman gave himself to the current of his nature, without seeking to study every wave that carried him backward or forward. His transformation, visible to those who lived with him, remained a secret to himself; he did not know that he was changed; he felt more tranquil, more happy. The only novelty he noticed in his feelings was his love for Susannah; henceforward he mingled her with all his projects; could not see life without her. This

element of happiness introduced into his future, had modified all the other elements. The millions, instead of being principal objects of his ambition, were no more than means. He regarded them as an important addition, but only accessory to his hopes; and accordingly he wished to know, with certainty, whether his love was reciprocated.

He was walking one evening up and down the little room, while Vincent and his cousin were chatting by the stove. They were speaking of Charles's first master, who, after thirty years of honest and laborious life, had just offered his bookbinder's stock for sale, intending to retire into the country with his wife.

"There's a couple who have known how to make a paradise on earth!" said the old soldier; "they were always one, always in good humor, always at work."

"Yes!" replied Susannah, decidedly, "the richest might envy their lot."

Charles, who had just then arrived in front of the girl, stopped abruptly.

"And so you would like your husband to love you, Susannah?" he asked, as he looked at her.

"Why, certainly—if I may," replied the girl, smiling, and slightly blushing.

"You may," resumed Charles, more briskly; "and for that matter you have only to say one word."

"What word, cousin?" stammered Susannah, still more agitated.

"That you consent to become my wife!" answered the young workman. And as he saw his cousin's movement of surprise and confusion, "Oh! don't agitate yourself about that, Susannah," he continued, with respectful tenderness. "It is long since I wished to ask you that question. I was always waiting for a reason that uncle knows; but you see it has escaped from my heart in spite of me. And now be frank as I am. Do not hide anything you feel in your heart; uncle is there listening to us, and he will reprove us if we say anything amiss." The young man had gone up to his cousin, and was holding her hand clasped in his; his voice quivered; his eyes were moist. Susannah, trembling with joy, sat still, with her face downwards; and the old soldier was looking at them both, with a smile, half-tender and half-ally. At last he took the girl, and pushing her gently towards Charles, "Come, speak! won't you, you dissembler?" he cried, merrily.

"Susannah! one word, a single word, do!" resumed the workman, who still continued to hold his cousin's hand. "Will you have me for your husband?"

She hid her face on the young man's shoulder, with an inarticulate "Yes!"

"Eh! come then," cried Vincent, slapping on his knees, "that was hard to get out. Your hands, here, your hands, and embrace me. To-night I leave you for your secrets; to-morrow we will speak of what is to be done."

Next day, indeed, he did take his nephew aside; told him that the sum needful for their journey was complete, and that they now could set out for Spain when they liked. This news, which should have enraptured Charles, gave him a painful shock. Then he must leave Susannah just as they were beginning to exchange the secrets of their affection; to run all the chances of a long, difficult, uncertain journey, when it would have been so sweet to rest!

The young man almost cursed the millions that he had to go so far to seek. Since the interest of his life had changed, the desire for wealth was singularly deadened. What henceforth was the use of so much gold to purchase happiness, which he had already found! Yet he said nothing to his uncle; and declared he was ready. The old soldier undertook the preparations, and went out several days along with Susannah. At last he told Charles there was nothing to do but secure their seats in the coach. For this purpose (the young girl being out) he asked his nephew to come with him, and as the fatigues of the previous days had made his wounds painful, he got into a cab. Vincent had taken care, some time when he was out, to procure the newspapers which had spoken of the famous deposit made on the banks of the Douro; when he found himself alone with Charles he handed them to him, asking him to see if they contained any information that might be of use to them. The young man first observed the details with which he was already acquainted, then the announcement of the refusal of the Spanish Government, and lastly explanations about some fruitless researches attempted by some Barcelona merchants. He thought he had come to the end of the documents, when his eye lighted on a letter signed by a certain Pierre Dufour.

"Pierre Dufour!" repeated Vincent; "that was the name of the quartermaster of the company."

"And that is the title this person takes," replied Charles.

"Bless me! I thought the brave fellow was in the other world. Let us see what he has got to say, he who was the captain's confidant—"

Instead of answering, Charles gave a cry. He had run over the letter, and his countenance had changed.

"Well, what's the matter?" coolly asked Vincent.

"What's the matter?" repeated the young workman. "If what this Dufour says is true, the journey is useless."

"Why?"

"Because the chests were not filled with money, but with gunpowder."

Vincent looked at his nephew, and burst out laughing.

"Ah! it was powder," he cried, "and that's the reason why before burying them we took cartridges out of them."

"You knew it?" interrupted Charles.

"Of course I did, when I saw it," replied the old man, good-naturedly.

"But then . . . you have deceived me; you could not believe in the existence of the buried millions, and your promise was a hoax?"

"It was a truth," answered the soldier, seriously. "I promised you a treasure—you shall have it; only we will not go to seek it in Spain."

"What do you mean?"

"You will see presently."

The carriage stopped before a shop; the two travelers stepped out, and went in.

Charles recognized his old master's bookbinding workshop, but it was renovated, repainted, and fitted up with all necessary implements. He was going to ask the meaning of what he saw, when his eye lighted on the proprietor's name in golden letters above the counter—it was his own name. At the same moment the door of the back shop opened; and he caught sight of a fireside blazing joyously, a table spread, and Susannah, who, smiling, signed to him to enter.

Vincent then bent towards him, and, seizing his hand:

"There is the treasure that I promised you," he said; "a good establishment to maintain you, and a good wife to make you happy. All that you see here has been gained by you, and to you belongs. Do not grumble if I have deceived you. You were pushing the cup of happiness away, and

I did like those nurses who rub the rim with honey. Now that you know where the happy life is to be found, now that you have tasted of it, I hope you will refuse it no more."

SHIPMENT OF VALUABLE CATTLE TO ENGLAND.

THE steamer *Holland*, of the National Line, which sailed for Liverpool on Thursday, June 24th, carried out the finest lot of short-horned cattle ever sent from this country. They numbered fourteen in all, and were selected by competent and experienced buyers from the United States and Canada, at the almost fabulous cost of \$125,000. They are the property of Mr. George W. Fox, the foreign partner of Mr. A. T. Stewart of New York. Of the fourteen valuable animals, three are from Kentucky, eight from New York, two from Indiana, and one from Canada.

The animals will be conveyed from London to the estates of Mr. Fox, located at Lichfield, Staffordshire, and at Winslow, Cheshire, which are among the largest and most celebrated of English stock farms.

We give sketches of some of the most valuable of the herd:

No. 1.—The twentieth Duchess of Airdrie was calved January 9th, 1874; is an own sister to the bull mentioned below and very similar to him in every respect (a strong proof of the truth of breeding in pure blood). Her luxuriant coat of mossy hair is even and perfect. Her flesh is thick and her head finely chiseled, though her horns have been allowed to grow badly. She is from the celebrated Woodburn herd belonging to A. J. Alexander, Spring Station, Ky. Mr. Fox paid \$18,000 for this noble animal, and has been offered more than this sum for her.

No. 2.—Oakland Mazurka, red, calved December 16th, 1874, sired by the second Duke of Hillhurst.

No. 3.—Mazurka Second, of Oakdale, red roan, sired by Malcolm, dam Mazurka Eighth, by Albion.

The Mazurkas are very fine cattle, descended from the celebrated imported Mazurka by Harbinger. They are from the Hon. George Brown's herd, at Bow Park, Ontario, Canada.

No. 4.—Damask Second, roan, calved March 16th, 1870, sired by Millbrook, dam Damask, by Mosstrooper, bred to sixth Duke of Morley.

No. 5.—Sixth Princess of Oxford, roan, calved August 17th, 1874, sired by Baron Bates Third, dam Oxford Rose, by Prince of Oxford.

No. 6.—Third Princess of Thorndale, roan, calved September 25th, 1874, sired by second Duke of Hillhurst, dam Princess of Thorndale, by sixth Duke of Thorndale.

The Princess family are becoming the greatest rivals to the Duchesses, and will be eagerly sought after long to cross with the latter. They are of great individual merit, showing fine character. In this lot are grand specimens of the tribe, of uniform excellence, deep frame, deep girth, heavy flesh and perfect symmetry; all of them beautiful roans. The family are of two strains, running through the Tuberoses of the Lady States down to the foundation cow Princess, by Favorite. They are from the well-known herds of J. W. and C. F. Wadsworth, of Genesee, and General Curtis, of Ogdenburg, New York State.

No. 7.—Twenty-fourth Duke of Airdrie, was calved November 30th, 1871; sired by tenth Duke of Thorndale; dam, ninth Duchess of Airdrie, by Royal Oxford, and tracing back through Duchess fifty-fourth, by second Cleveland Lad, to the original Duchess, by Favorite. This grand bull is of immense substance and size, is superb in quality and handling. After long and careful searching it is found that it is impossible to point out a single fault in him. He is massive, heavy-fleshed, wealthy all over, and wonderfully developed for his age: his out-shoulder, fore-flank, crops, loin, rounds and "twist" extraordinary. Although in ordinary breeding condition, he is beautifully and evenly covered with flesh of the finest quality. His produce also are excellent, proving his great claims as a sire, and there is no doubt that his loss will be greatly felt in this country. He weighs 2,300 lbs. His girth is eight feet four inches, and he is eight feet two inches in length. He is from A. S. Alexander's Woodburn herd, and cost \$12,000.

COMMENCEMENT AT VASSAR COLLEGE.

WE give this week an illustration of the commencement exercises at Vassar College. This celebrated institution is distinguished as the only college where young women can receive the same educational advantages that are enjoyed by the sterner sex at Harvard, Yale and other kindred institutions. It owes its origin to the liberality and public spirit of the late Matthew Vassar, a citizen of Poughkeepsie, a gentleman long known as a celebrated manufacturer of ales. During his lifetime he munificently endowed the college, and by the provisions of his will made an additional bequest of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the extension and improvement of the usefulness of the institution.

The College is beautifully situated two miles east of Poughkeepsie. The main edifice is five hundred feet in length by one hundred and seventy in depth, and substantially fireproof. It is warmed by steam-heated air, lighted with gas manufactured on the premises, and supplied with an abundance of pure water distributed through the building. Bathing-rooms and other needful conveniences are amply provided. The young ladies' apartments are in groups; the usual arrangement being that three sleeping-rooms, occupied by five young ladies, open into one study-parlor. The rooms are furnished, and are kept in order by the College housekeeper.

The grounds embrace about two hundred acres, and afford scope for all forms of healthful recreation. Physical training is not overlooked. A howling-alley furnishes indoor exercises; a garden is under cultivation by the Floral Society, an association of teachers and students; and a lake on the premises is available for boating in the Summer and skating in the Winter.

It is a maxim in the administration of the college, that the health of the student shall be made a prime object of attention; and that, to the utmost possible extent, those whom it educates shall become physically well-developed and vigorous women, prepared to take enlightened care of their own health and the health of others under their charge.

The Annual Commencement Exercises of Vassar always brings together a large assemblage of the Alumni and friends of the scholars and of the institution. The late commencement, which took place on June 28th, was a particularly brilliant one, and was unusually well attended. Among the distinguished guests present were Professor Robinson of Brown University, the Hon. Mr. Kellogg of Connecticut, Governor Pease of Texas, Edward Lathrop, D.D., and Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell. The faculty, trustees, instructors, students and Alumni, at half-past ten moved in procession to the chapel, while a voluntary was performed upon

the organ. President Raymond and Miss Terry, the lady principal, occupied prominent seats upon the platform. The graduating class occupied the front seats. The Salutatory Oration, in Latin, was given by Miss Frances Goldsmith Swift, of Poughkeepsie. It was an animated and graceful production. The German Oration (Der Vaticanismus), by Miss Lucy Wright Kellogg, of Waterbury, Conn., was highly spoken of by competent critics who listened to it. So was a colloquy on the "Comparative Superiority of the Fine Arts and of Science, in their Influence on Civilization," by Miss Maltby, of Waterbury, Conn., and Miss McBain, of Toledo, O. The Valedictory was by Miss Florence Clinton Perkins, of Cooperstown, N. Y. It was beautifully written, full of excellent feeling, and admirably delivered. All the music, vocal and instrumental, was this year given by young ladies of the graduating class, as it should have been. There were two pianoforte selections from Beethoven: the first from the C Minor Symphony, and the last an Andante and Allegro from the Sonata Appassionata. Bishop's Glee, "As it fell," was also given.

At the conclusion, President Raymond conferred the Baccalaureate Degree with the formal Latin address, and subsequently another in English of wise admonition and good wishes.

THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

THE great Brooklyn Scandal case has at last arrived at a point which gives assurance that it is but a question of hours, or perhaps moments, when the case, so far as the present proceedings are concerned, will be ended and pass into history as one of the most remarkable trials on record.

Mr. Beach closed his long and able address, as counsel for Mr. Tilton, on Wednesday, June 23d. Judge Neilson began his charge to the jury at 11:14 o'clock on Thursday morning and closed at half-past 1 o'clock. The charge was remarkably concise and impartial, and gave general satisfaction.

After the Judge's charge, the jury retired for deliberation. The news soon spread that the jury were out, and the public interest and excitement that had been somewhat lulled during the many and tedious weeks devoted to the summing-up of the counsel, was revived and intensified, and the Brooklyn Court House became the centre of a vast multitude of curious and anxious people. Crowds came from all parts of Brooklyn, and every ferry-boat from New York brought throngs who hastened to the House.

Some of the restraint that was necessarily connected with the dignity of the legal proceedings appeared to be removed, and the scene in the court-room was more animated and exciting than at any time during the trial. The announcement by Deputy Clerk Mallison that there was no longer any necessity for the audience to remain, as the trial was concluded, was received as a joke, and the crowd, instead of decreasing, steadily increased. As the hours sped on, and no indication of the return of the jury was given, many grew restless, and the confusion was increased by parties coming in and going out. Most of the prominent actors in the great case were present, and attracted more than usual attention. Mrs. Beecher did not stir from her chair, and was the gravest person in the court-room. She was treated with unusual deference, as the embodiment of a faithful wife. Mr. Beecher moved among his friends, talking in his usual affable manner, and constantly surrounded by warm admirers. Occasionally he would be cornered by a reporter, and he underwent with great good-humor the infliction of being interviewed. But the Beecher party did not monopolize all the attention or sympathy; many were there who were warm advocates of Mr. Tilton, and that the number of his friends was not inconsiderable was shown by the ovation of cheers that met him as he passed through the corridors and out of the court-house.

Thursday night passed without the anxiously looked-for verdict being returned, and the disappointed public retired to their homes, leaving the never-sleeping members of the press the only guard on duty, waiting for the verdict.

The jury were quartered on Thursday night in an apartment in the third story of the court-house, which is habitually used by City Court juries, but the accommodations of the room are not of a character to make it a desirable place for worthy citizens, accustomed to home-comforts, to pass the night. The furniture consisted of two long tables, twelve wooden-bottomed armchairs, a washstand and spittoons. Here the "twelve good and true men" bivouacked as best they could.

On Friday morning, the quarters of the jury were changed from the third story to Judge McCue's court-room, which is opposite the one in which the trial has been conducted. This transfer was not made without recourse to a little stratagem on the part of the court officer, by which the migration of the jury was effected without interference by the crowd.

"Please step into the court-room and take seats," said an officer in the hallway, at about half-past eight o'clock. The persons who were loitering there regarded this as a premonition that the jury were about to come in, and hurried to obey the injunction. The doors were locked when all had got inside, and the proof of a well-played trick was at once furnished.

The success was almost perfect, only several persons witnessing the change. The jurymen were hot and ruffled. They were all coatless and vestless. In their arms they carried their discarded garments, bundles of toilet articles, and hand-bags. The expression of their faces, as hurriedly observed during their quick passage down the stairs, gave no clue to their sentiments. They looked like twelve tired, sleepy, worried men. Some were apparently sulky, and others took their predicament good-humoredly. They were not accosted by anybody on the way, and were guarded against approach, had any been attempted, by the three officers who were sharing their durance. In their night-quarters the jurymen found only hard benches in the way of furniture, but Judge Neilson told the janitor to provide all the bedding that he could, should they be compelled to stay together during the night. His Honor stood at the foot of the stairs as the twelve men descended, and he bowed to each smilingly, and was by each respectfully saluted.

Every one who had attended the trial, either from necessity or choice, became particularly nervous while awaiting the rendition of the verdict. For once the reporters, who had been on the worst kind of a trial since Winter, had a well-deserved holiday. They sharpened their pencils mechanically, arranged the leaves of their note-books, as of yore, while their ears swayed to and fro in quest of the faintest whisper from the jury-room. At first their recognition of the absence of the jury was accompanied by a quiet stretching of folded legs, and a grunt of satisfaction that the Rubicon had been passed. Then they too, waited, for the verdict. They moved about as if they knew there was crape on the door, or that a heart was about being broken. The relief from steady work was too

unusual for them to derive much enjoyment from it. So they gossiped over the fight between Shanks and Hennessey for Mrs. Tilton's affidavit, and tramped about the room like cats in a strange apartment. But by Friday this quietness became intolerable. The reaction was too severe. Since they were obliged to "see the thing through," they required more excitement, more of the electrifying element with which the court-room had been so long surcharged. The few spectators who lounged about the room during the evening were not long in discovering that some other excitement had been provided. The reporters certainly took possession of the choice part of the court-room, the Judge's bench. There were such expressions of juvenile exuberance, so many games of trick, chance, and torment, that a stranger would have imagined himself either in a lunatic asylum or a primary school during recess.

Judge Neilson did not go on the bench, but sat in his private room with his coat off, smoking cigars, occasionally visited by lawyers and friends. Thus stands the case as we go to press, but it is expected that before this reaches our readers the long agony will be over and the result be made known.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE OXFORD COMMEMORATION, as it used to be when the Sheldonian Theatre was crowded with uproarious graduates, when the ladies in pink and ladies in blue, and various personages of celebrity who chanced to be popular in undergraduate estimation were vociferously cheered, while gentlemen in brilliant neckties and unpopular notoriety were vehemently yelled and groaned at, is given in our sketch which will be interesting in this Commemoration season of American colleges. In those days, if the winner of the Newdegate Prize Poem mumbled his words—as, like a genuine, self-conscious, unostentatious Englishman, he most probably did—he was loudly invited to "Speak up, sir!" This year the doors of the Sheldonian Theatre were closed, the doors of the Divinity School were guarded by police, the undergraduates were left out in the cold, and consequently the proceedings were extremely decorous and dull.

"TENT-PEGGING" AT HURLINGHAM.—The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with other Princes and Princesses, and a company of fashionable spectators, attended the first public exhibition in England of a manly exercise and game, which has been imported from Asia by the Fifth Royal Irish Regiment of Lancashire. "Tent-pegging" has been thus described by a contemporary: "A wooden tent-peg, similar to those ordinarily used in Indian camps, is driven firmly into the ground, and the object of the horseman is to draw this with the point of his lance as he passes it at full speed. In description the thing sounds simple enough; you have only to lower the lance at the right moment, and the trick is done. Nor is the difficulty more apparent as one watches the graceful motion and easy precision of a skillful practitioner; but if those who doubt that there is any art in it will only mount a horse and try for themselves, they will soon confess that there are more qualities needed than a good seat and a quick eye for distance to transform them into accomplished 'tent-peggers.' The hand must be light as a feather, the grip close as steel, the eye true, and the aim unerring. As a training for cavalry whose arm is the lance, and whose chance of success of battle depends on a sure use of that weapon, 'tent-pegging' has long been assiduously cultivated among the horsemen of nearly every province of India, and in the native cavalry regiments of the British Eastern army forms as much a part of the drill as the bayonet exercise lately did in the infantry regiments. When and where 'tent-pegging' originated are questions upon which everybody has a theory, and all the theories differ. The northwest provinces, however, seem to be the home of the art, and though it is practiced alike by the horsemen of Mysore and Scinde, by the Maharattas, Sikhs, and Afghans, the latter are by far the most accomplished, and in all probability *niz-bazi*, as the natives name it, is but one of the many warlike feats in which the Mohammedan tribes from over the Indus and the wild fearless riders of Afghanistan excelled centuries ago."

EXPERIMENT WITH THE PYROLYTER.—An exhibition of the fire-extinguishing powers of this apparatus, which is intended especially for use on shipboard, recently took place at Greenhithe. The design of the inventor, Dr. Paton, with whom Mr. Harris, of Glasgow, is joint patentee, has been to provide an instrument which will speedily fill the hold or compartment of a ship in which fire has arisen with carbonic acid gas in a dry state. When this is done, the fire is necessarily extinguished without the smallest injury to the cargo, which would be much damaged if water, steam, or any compound were mixed with the gas. The apparatus is of such size and dimensions as to allow of its being quickly worked and easily moved from place to place. Its action is simple, and may be readily comprehended. One small pump draws a chemical mixture from a tub or bucket, while a second pump draws another mixture from a similar vessel. Both mixtures meet in a generator, or mixing-chamber, and instantaneously pass into a separator, whence the dry gas passes through suitable piping to the hold or compartment where the fire has arisen. When a moderate-sized pyrolyter is worked at an ordinary speed, 1,326 cubic feet of air will be so charged with the gas in one minute that it will not support combustion, and this stream may be kept up for any length of time by supplying the material, which is conveniently packed in small bulk, and is not costly. It is estimated that every minute the instrument will give off what fills a space equal to 32 tons measurement; so that, making allowance for the space occupied by cargo, which may be taken at one-half, a vessel of 1,280 tons would be filled in twenty minutes, and the fire completely extinguished. During this process the cargo need not be disturbed, nor the hatches removed. The use of the instrument need not be confined to the extinction or prevention of fire. It requires very little manual labor, and forms a marine fire-engine equal to those in use. It may also act as a subsidiary pump, and can be made serviceable as any other force-pump. In this way it will be constantly useful on board any ship, and by being at hand will always be ready for application as a fire-destroyer. The experiment at Greenhithe, of which we give an illustration, was witnessed by a large party of gentlemen, among whom were scientific and practical experts, and one deputed by the Board of Trade. They were generally well satisfied with the result.

PRESENTS TO A WEST AFRICAN KING.—The arrival at Bonny of H. M. S. *Encounter* and H. M. S. *Active*, under the command of Sir William Hewitt, V. C., K. C. B., the Commodore of the West African Station, was attended by a ceremonious visit from King George Peppel, an ally of the British in the Ashantee campaign. The King and his courtiers were received on the quarter-deck of the *Encounter* with all due formalities of respect. The Commodore made a suitable address to his royal visitor, and presented him with a sword, an ornamental silver tankard and other handsome gifts from Her Majesty Queen Victoria. King Peppel and other chiefs were then invited to drink Her Majesty's health, which they did in bumpers of champagne from the tankard, King Peppel replying to the Commodore's speech.

A MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB, which lately took place on the terrace below the Alexandra Palace, is represented by the last cut on our "Pictorial Spirit" page.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

A BAND of political refugees from Uruguay landed at Charleston, S. C. . . . The locusts are said to have abandoned Southern Nebraska. . . . A large portion of the business quarter of Grand Rapids, Mich., was burned. . . . Hinds, indicted for participation in the postal contract frauds, was acquitted. . . . Final instructions were issued to the Sioux Commissioners. . . . The American Jockey Club held its Spring meeting at Jerome Park. . . . *Comet* won the race in the regatta of the Brooklyn Yacht Club. . . . Intelligence was received of the wreck of the United States steamer *Saranac* in the North Pacific. . . . The officers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company reported that they had received subsidies from Mexico and the Central American nations amounting to over \$107,000 annually. . . . Major Wilkinson, of the Treasury Department, reported that 40,000 Mennonites had determined to emigrate to the United States. . . . A naval and military patrol of the Rio Grande was ordered by Government. . . . Mr. Tweed was released from the Penitentiary and is now in Ludlow Street Jail. . . . The Democrats of Maine nominated General Roberts of Bangor for Governor. . . . Republican State officers were chosen by the New Hampshire Legislature. . . . The bicentennial of King Philip's war at Swansey, Mass., was celebrated on June 22d. . . . Sheppard Leffle received the Democratic nomination for Governor of Iowa, on a one-term, anti-prohibition platform. . . . The bankers of Philadelphia entertained about two hundred business men from New York and elsewhere at Fairmount Park. . . . General Bidwell, of Butte County, received the Independent nomination for Governor of California.

FOREIGN.

The officials of Hamburg saluted the United States steamer *Alaska*, and extended the hospitalities of the city to her officers. . . . General Campos effected a union with the Spanish Army of the Centre under Jovellar. . . . The Emperor of Austria will meet the Czar on the Bohemian frontier. . . . A hostile demonstration against the American and British Consuls at Chin Kiang was made by Chinese. . . . M. Gambetta had a lively tilt with the Bonapartists in the French Assembly. . . . A grant of \$120,000, to defray the expense of representing France at the Centennial, passed the Assembly without opposition. . . . In the municipal elections in Rome, Garibaldi led the list of successful candidates, having a general support. . . . The discussion between Belgium and Germany was closed by a friendly note from the latter to the former. . . . A report was circulated in London that the Carlists had invaded Castile. . . . The American revivists were refused permission to hold a meeting at Exon, England. . . . An Ultramontane disturbance occurred in Rhein, East Prussia, in which the Burgomaster was dangerously wounded. . . . It was asserted that Mr. Gladstone had agreed to resume the Liberal leadership next year. . . . Upon the request of Germany, the Belgian Chamber of Representatives passed a Bill making the offer to commit an offense a crime. . . . The King of Burmah gave satisfactory explanations of his action to Great Britain, and the war-cloud passed away. . . . A grand review and sham-battle of British troops took place on June 23d, in honor of the American Riflemen. . . . Count Von Arnim was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, after an examination of his appeal. . . . A Carlist victory over the Alfonsists was reported from Castile. . . . The Masonic Grand Lodge of Ireland gave a dinner to the Masonic members of the American rifle team. . . . An immense damage is reported by the overflow of the River Garonne, France, and a grant of \$200,000 was voted by the Assembly for the sufferers. . . . Costa Rica refuses Nicaragua's offer to refer the matters in dispute to an arbitrator. . . . Honduras has made satisfactory amends to the United States for insults to its consul and flag at Omoa. . . . A Bill was introduced into the Peruvian Congress asking a grant of \$1,000,000 to encourage emigration from Europe. . . . Count Von Arnim will appeal to the Supreme Tribunal. . . . The Fortress of Miravet, a stronghold of the Carlists, was surrendered to the Royal troops. . . . It was estimated that over 2,000 lives were lost by the Garonne flood in France. . . . The King of Burmah signed a treaty with Great Britain. . . . While practicing at Dollymount on June 25th, the American team scored far ahead of their shots during the International contest at Credenmoor last year.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE COLLEGIATE REGATTA AT SARATOGA.

PRINCETON sends two crews and a single sculler. YALE will have two crews and a single sculler, Julian Kennedy.

HARVARD has changed its regatta color from magenta to crimson.

THERE are about \$3,000 worth of prizes for the College athletes.

CORNELL will send both a freshman crew and a single sculler, C. S. Francis.

FOURTEEN crews are entered for the University race, and six for the Freshman.

YALE still sticks to Captain Cook, although the boys complain that his stroke is too difficult.

THE Cornell boys when practicing were obliged to walk twelve miles for exercise with the ash.

DOWNES, WHITNEY and MARSH, of the Wesleyan crew of last year, will occupy their old positions in July.

DARTMOUTH will imitate the slow stroke of Yale and Harvard, in a new boat now building at Greenpoint.

BETS are out that Princeton has the strongest crew. Nichol is their captain, and he is training them like a reglar.

THE Regatta Committee is J. E. Eustis, of Wesleyan; C. H. Ferry, Yale; J. C. Dayton, Princeton. James Watson will be the umpire.

LAST year Brown of Rhode Island sent a Freshman crew; but now she has entered for both the University and the Freshman contests.

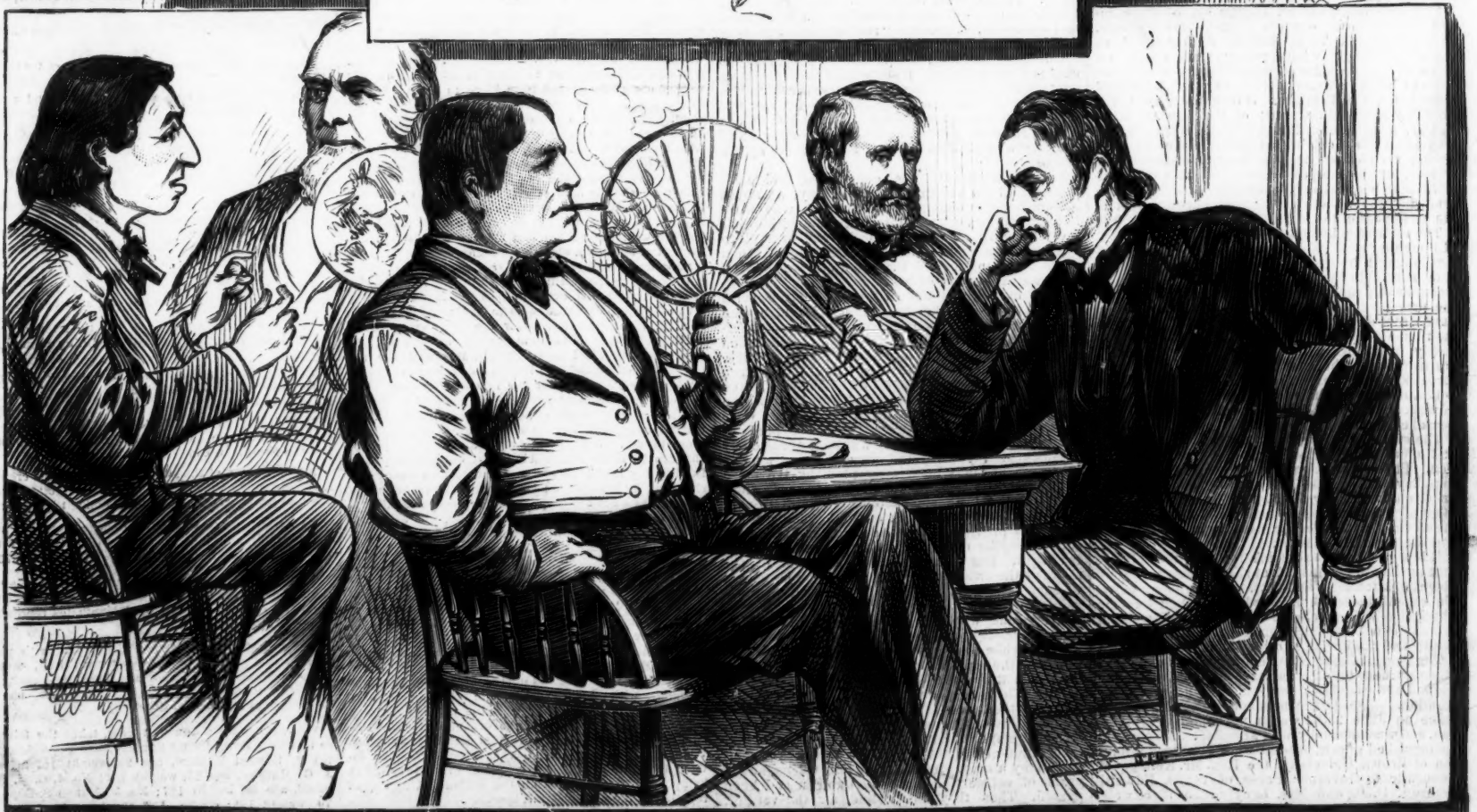
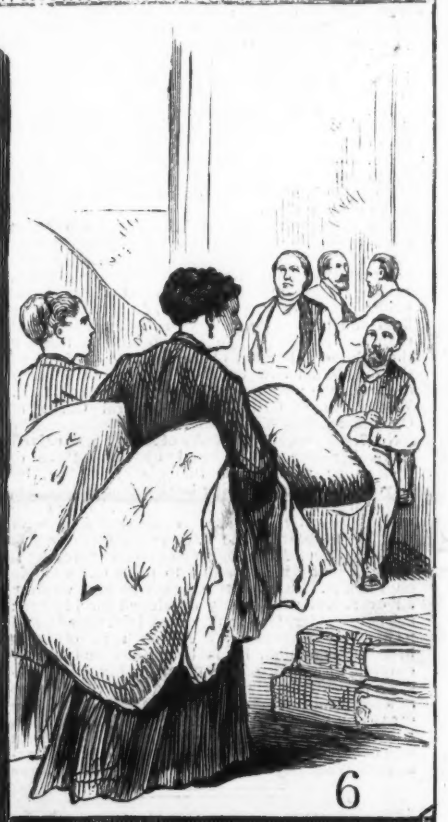
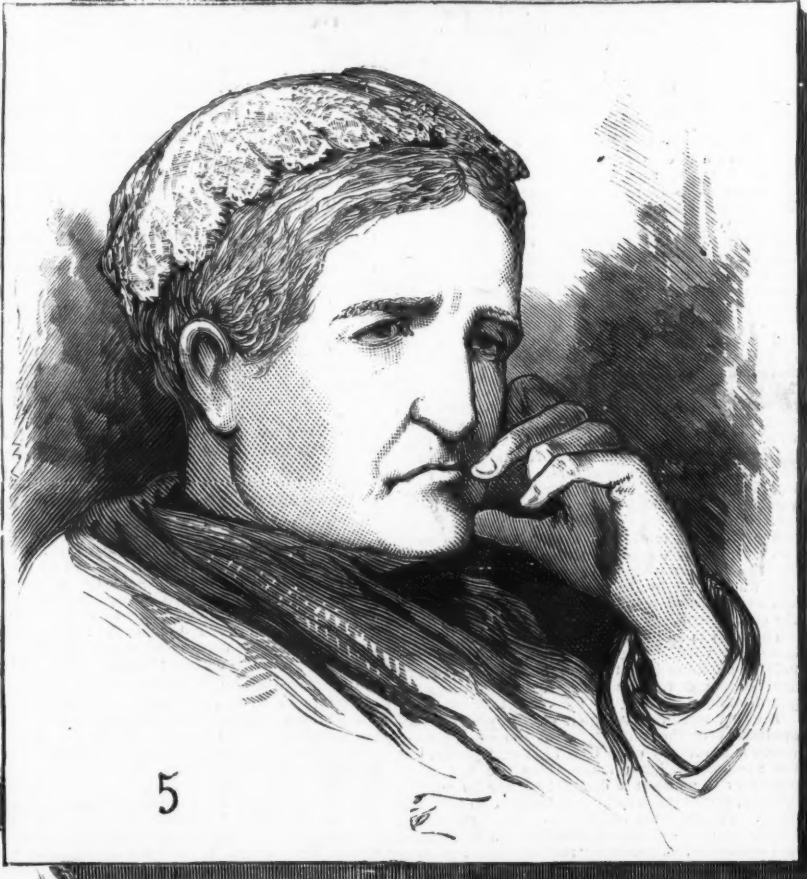
A PECULIARITY of the stroke of the Columbia crew is a sharp thrusting out of the hands before going forward—a movement which is said to be difficult to acquire.

TWO additions to the list of College crews are made this year: Hamilton coming forward for the University race; and Amherst, which has done little since 1873.

THE Saratoga Rowing Association will have charge of the athletic sports this season, and of the ten "events," eight will be open to all the undergraduates represented in the College Regatta.

THE crew of Williams have a liberal diet, with plenty of ale; that of Wesley, embraces roast beef, mutton, chops, beefsteak, eggs, rice and bread and milk; and Harvard, in addition to the general course, have an abundance of milk and fruit.

COLUMBIA, which won last year, takes the following as its crew: Bow, Irving Sprague, age 20, weight 152; No. 2, Edward E. Sage, age 20, weight 167; No. 3, J. G. Murphy, age 25, weight 167; No. 4, G. M. Hammond, age 18, weight 167; No. 5, Charles E. Boyd, age 19, weight 183; stroke, J. T. Goodwin, age 28, weight 162. Professor Amringo says of Captain Goodwin: "His characteristic is, that he can spurt for three miles and not feel it."



1. Cheering Tilton. 2. Reporters in possession of the Judge's Bench. 3. Beecher cornered by an Interviewer. 4. The Jury Flitting. 5. The Faithful Wife. 6. Preparing to Bivouac. 7. In the Judge's Private Room.
THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS WHILE AWAITING THE VERDICT.—SEE PAGE 315.



NEW YORK CITY.—GILMORE'S SUMMER CONCERT GARDEN, MADISON AVENUE AND TWENTY-SIXTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 322.

SELF-RELIANCE

BY
FRANCIS MEREDYTH, M. A.,
CANON OF LIMERICK CATHEDRAL.

O! give me beyond mines of gold,
Or kingdoms proud and wide, man,
A heart of independent mold;
'Tis worth the world beside, man.
Self-trust is might, if duly used,
Self-knowledge wisest science—
Then show, man, that you know, man,
There's naught like *Self-reliance*!

The noble fortune it gives
May mock at threatening Care, man;
Through trial's fiercest storm it lives,
Unfounded by Despair, man.
The spirit mail-clad thus may bid
To Fortune's frown defiance.
Believe it, man—achieve it, man—
There's naught like *Self-reliance*!

It's honest pride from all that's mean,
And foul and false restrains, man;
On other's aid it scorns to lean
While native power remains, man.
One's own true heart's the surest friend;
With guardian Heaven's alliance,
'Twill save, man, to the grave, man—
There's naught like *Self-reliance*!

Redeemed by Love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE MYSTERY OF THE HOLLY TREE," "THE SHADOW OF A SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A FEW days later the tranquillity of Darrell Court was at an end. The invited guests were expected, and Sir Oswald had determined to do them all honor. The state apartments, which had not been used during his tenure, were all thrown open; the superb ball-room, once the pride of the county, was redecored; the long, empty corridors and suites of apartments reserved for visitors were once more full of life. Miss Hastings was the presiding genius; Pauline Darrell took far less interest in the preparations.

"I am glad," she said, one morning, "that I am to see your 'world,' Sir Oswald. You despise mine; I shall be anxious to see what yours is like."

The baronet answered her testily.
"I do not quite understand your remarks about 'worlds.' Surely we live under the same conditions."

"Not in the same world of people," she opposed; "and I am anxious to see what yours is like."

"What do you expect to find in what you are pleased to call my world, Pauline?" he asked, angrily.

"Little truth, and plenty of affectation; little honor, and plenty of polish; little honesty, and very high-sounding words; little sincerity, and plenty of deceit."

"By what right do you sit in judgment?" he demanded.

"None at all," replied Pauline; "but, as people are always speaking ill of the dear, honest world in which I have lived, I may surely be permitted to criticise the world that is outside it."

Sir Oswald turned away angrily, and Miss Hastings sighed over the girl's willfulness.

"Why do you talk to Sir Oswald in a fashion that always irritates him?" she remonstrated.

"We live in a free country, and have each of us freedom of speech."

"I am afraid the day will come when you will pay a sad price for yours."

But Pauline Darrell only laughed. Such fears never affected her; she would sooner have expected to see the heavens fall at her feet than that Sir Oswald should not leave Darrell Court to her—his niece, a Darrell, with the Darrell face and the Darrell figure, the true, proud features of the race. He would never dare to do otherwise, she thought, and she would not condescend to change either her thought or speech to please him.

"The Darrells do not know fear," she would say; "there never yet was an example of a Darrell's being frightened into anything."

So the breach between the uncle and the niece grew wider every day. He could not understand her; the grand, untrained, undisciplined, poetical nature was beyond him—he could neither reach its heights nor fathom its depths. There were times when he thought that, despite her outward coldness and pride, there was within a soul of fire, when he dimly understood the magnificence of the character he could not read, when he suspected there might be some souls that could not be narrowed or forced into a common groove. Nevertheless he feared her; he was afraid to trust, not the honor, but the fame, of his race to her.

"She is capable of anything," he would repeat to himself, again and again. "She would fling the Darrell revenues to the wind; she would transform Darrell Court into one huge observatory, if astronomy pleased her—into one huge laboratory, if she gave herself to chemistry. One thing is perfectly clear to me—she can never be my heiress until she is safely married."

And, after great deliberation—after listening to all his heart's pleading in favor of her grace, her beauty, her royal generosity of character, the claim of her name and her truth—he came to the decision that, if she would marry Captain Langton, who he loved perhaps better than any one else in the world, he would at once make his will, adopt her, and leave her heiress of all that he had in the world.

One morning the captain confided in him, telling him how dearly he loved his beautiful niece, and then Sir Oswald revealed his intentions.

"You understand, Aubury," he said; "the girl is magnificently beautiful—she is a true Darrell; but I am frightened about her. She is not like other girls; she is wanting in tact, in knowledge of the world, and both are essential. I hope you will win her. I shall die content if I leave Darrell Court in your hands, and if you are her husband. I could not pass her over to make you my heir; but, if you can persuade her to marry you, you can take the name of Darrell, and you can guide and direct her. What do you say, Aubury?"

"What do I say?" stammered the captain. "I say this—that I love her so dearly, that I would marry her if she had not a farthing. I love her so that language cannot express the depth of my affection for her."

The captain was for a few minutes quite overcome—he had been so long dunned for money, so hard pressed, so desperate, that the chance of twenty thousand a year and Darrell Court was almost too much for him. His brow grew damp,

and his lips pale. All this might be his own if he could but win the consent of this girl. Yet he feared her; the proud, noble face, the grand, dark eyes rose before him, and seemed to rebuke him for his presumptuous hope. How was he to win her? Flattery, sweet, soft words would never do. One scornful look from her sent his ideas "flying right and left."

"If she were only like other girls," he thought, "I could make her my wife within a few weeks."

Then he took heart of grace. Had he not been celebrated for his good fortune amongst the fair sex? Had he not always found his handsome person, his low, tender voice, his pleasing manner irresistible? Who was this proud, dark-eyed girl that she should measure the depths of his heart and soul, and find them wanting? Surely he must be superior to the artists in shabby coats by whom she had been surrounded. And yet he feared as much as he hoped.

"She has such a way of making me feel small," he said to himself; "and, if that kind of feeling comes over me when I am making her an offer, it will be of no use to pleading my suit."

But what a prospect—master of Darrell Court and twenty thousand per annum! He would endure almost any humiliation to obtain that position.

"She must have me," he said to himself—"she shall have me! I will force her to be my wife!"

Why, if he could but announce his engagement to Miss Darrell, he could borrow as much money as would clear off all his liabilities! And how much he needed money no one knew better than himself. He had paid his visit to the Court because there were two writs out against him in London, and unless he could come to some settlement of them, he knew what awaited him.

And all—fortune, happiness, wealth, freedom, prosperity—depended on one word from the proud lips that had hardly ever spoken kindly to him. He loved her, too—loved her with a fierce, desperate love that at times frightened himself.

"I should like you," said Sir Oswald, at the conclusion of their interview, "to have the matter settled as soon as you can, because, I tell you frankly, if my niece does not consent to marry you, I shall marry, myself. All my friends are eagerly solicitous for me to do so; they do not like the prospect of seeing a grand old inheritance like this fall into the hands of a willful, capricious girl. But I tell you in confidence, Aubury, I do not wish to marry. I am a confirmed old bachelor now, and it would be a sad trouble to me to have my life changed by marriage; still I would rather marry than that harm should come to Darrell Court."

"Certainly," agreed the captain.

"I do not mind telling you still further that I have seen a lady, whom, if I marry at all, I should like to make my wife—in fact, she resembles some one I used to know long years ago. I have every reason to believe she is much admired and sought after; so that I want you to settle your affairs as speedily as possible. Mind, Aubury, they must be settled—there must be no deferring, no putting off; you must have an answer—yes or no—very shortly; and you must not lose an hour in communicating that answer to me."

"I hope it will be a favorable one," said Aubury Langton; but his mind misgave him. He had an idea that the girl had found him wanting; he could not forget her first frank declaration that she did not like him.

"If she refuses me, have I your permission to tell Miss Darrell the alternative?" he asked of Sir Oswald.

The baronet thought deeply for some minutes, and then said:

"Yes, it is only fair and just that she should know it—that she should learn that if she refuses you she loses all chance of being my heiress. But do not say anything of the lady I have mentioned."

The visitors were coming on Tuesday, and Thursday was the day settled for the ball.

"All girls like balls," thought Captain Langton.

"Pauline is sure to be in a good temper then, and I will ask her on Thursday night."

But he owned to himself that he would rather a thousand times have faced a whole battalion of enemies than ask Pauline Darrell to be his wife.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was many years since Darrell Court had been so gay. Sir Oswald had resolved that the ball should be one that should reflect credit on the giver and the guests. He had ordered a fine band of music and a magnificent banquet. The grounds were to be illuminated, colored lamps being placed amongst the trees; the ball-room was a gorgeous mass of most brilliant bloom—tier after tier of magnificent flowers was ranged along the walls, white statues gleaming from the bright foliage, and little fountains here and there sending up their fragrant spray. Sir Oswald had sent to London for some one to superintend the decorations; but they were not perfected until Miss Darrell, passing through, suggested first one alteration, and then another, until the originators, recognizing her superior artistic judgment and picturesque taste, deferred to her, and then the decorations became a magnificent work of art.

Sir Oswald declared himself delighted, and the captain's praises were unmeasured. Then, and then only, Miss Darrell began to feel some interest in the ball; her love of beauty was awakened and pleased—there was something more in the event than the mere gratification of seeing people dance.

The expected visitors had arrived on the Tuesday—Lady Hampton, radiant with expectant victory; Elinor, silent, thoughtful, and more gentle than ever, and consequently more pleasing.

Lady Hampton was delighted with the idea of the ball.

"You must make your great coup on that evening, Elinor," she said. "You have a superb dress, and I shall quite expect you to receive and accept an offer from Sir Oswald."

Elinor Rocheford raised her eyes. There was something wistful in the expression.

"Oh, aunt," she said, "I like the captain so much better!"

Lady Hampton did not lose her good humor—Elinor was not the first refractory girl she had brought to her senses.

"Never mind about liking the captain, my dear; that is only natural. He is not in love with you. I can see through the whole business. If Darrell Court goes to Miss Darrell, he will marry her. He can marry no girl without money, because he is, I know, over head and ears in debt. Major Penryn was speaking of him to-day. The only way to prevent his marriage with Miss Darrell is for you to take Sir Oswald yourself."

Elinor's face flushed. Lady Hampton certainly understood the art of evoking the worst feelings. Jealousy, envy and dislike stirred faintly in the gentle heart of her niece.

"I hope you will do your very best to win Sir Oswald's affections," continued Lady Hampton, "for I should not like to see Darrell Court fall into the hands of that proud girl."

"Nor should I," assented Miss Rocheford.

The evening of the ball arrived at last, and Lady

Hampton stood like a fairy godmother in Elinor's dressing-room, superintending the toilet that was to work such wonders. Lady Hampton herself looked very imposing in her handsome dress of black velvet and point lace, with diamond ornaments. Elinor's dress was a triumph of art. Her fresh, fair, gentle loveliness shone to perfection aided by her elaborate costume of white silk and white lace, trimmed with green and silver leaves. The ornaments were all of silver—both fringe and leaves; the headdress was a green wreath with silver flowers. Nothing could have been more elegant and effective. There was a gentle flush on the fair face and a light in the blue eyes.

"That will do, Elinor," said Lady Hampton, complacently. "Your dress is perfection. I have no fear now—you will have no rival."

Perhaps Lady Hampton had never disliked Pauline Darrell more than on that night, for the magnificent beauty of the girl had never been so apparent. Sir Oswald had given his niece *carte blanche* in respect of preparation for the ball, but she had not at first taken sufficient interest in the matter to send to London, as he wished, for a dress. Later on she had gone to the large wardrobe, where the treasures accumulated by the ladies Darrell lay. Such shining treasures of satin, velvet, silk, cashmere, and such profusion of laces and ornaments were there! She selected a superb costume—a magnificent amber brocade embroidered with white flowers, gorgeous, beautiful, artistic. It was a dress that had been made for some former Lady Darrell.

How well it became her! The amber set off her dark beauty as a golden frame does a rich picture. The dress required but little alteration; it was cut square, showing the white, stately, graceful neck, and the sleeves hung after the Grecian fashion, leaving the round, white arms bare. The light shining upon the dress changed with every movement; it was as though the girl was enveloped in sunbeams. Every lady present envied that dress, and pronounced it to be gorgeous beyond comparison.

Pauline's rich curls of dark hair were studded with diamond stars, and a diamond necklace clasped her white throat—this was Sir Oswald's present. Her artistic taste had found yet further scope; for she had enhanced the beauty of her dress by the addition of white daphnes shrouded in green leaves.

Sir Oswald looked at her in admiration; her magnificent beauty, her queenly figure, her royal grace and ease of movement, her splendid costume, all impressed him. From every fold of her shining dress came a rich sweet subtle perfume; her usually pale face had on that unwonted flush of a delicate rose-leaf color.

"If she would but be like that sweet Elinor!" thought Sir Oswald. "I could not wish for a more beautiful mistress for Darrell Court."

She stood by his side while he received his guests, and her dignified ease delighted him.

"Had she been some Eastern queen," he thought, "her eccentricities would have hurt no one. As it is—" and Sir Oswald concluded his sentence by a grave shake of the head.

The captain, pleased with Miss Rocheford's graceful loveliness, had been amusing himself by paying her some very choice compliments, and she was delighted with them.

"If Sir Oswald were only like him!" she thought; and Aubrey Langton, meeting the timid, gentle glance, said to himself that he must be careful—he had no wish to win the girl's heart—he should be quite at a loss to know what to do with it.

When he saw Pauline his courage almost failed him.

"How am I to ask that magnificent girl to marry me?" he said.

Sir Oswald had expressed a wish that Aubrey and Pauline would open the ball; it would give people an idea of what he wished, he thought, and prevent other gentlemen from "turning her head" by paying her any marked attention. Yet he knew how difficult it would be for any one to win Pauline's regard. She made no objection when he expressed his wish to her, but she did not look particularly pleased.

Captain Langton understood the art of dancing better perhaps than the art of war; he was perfect in it—even Pauline avowed it. With him dancing was the very poetry of motion. The flowers, the lights, the sweet soft music, the fragrance, the silvery sound of laughter, the fair faces and shining jewels of the ladies, all stirred and warmed Pauline's imagination; they brought bright and vivid fancies to her, and touched the poetical, beauty-loving soul. A glow came over her face, a light into her proud dark eyes, her lips were wreathed in smiles—no one had ever seen Pauline so beautiful before.

"You enjoy this, do you not?" said Aubrey Langton, as he watched her beautiful face.

"I shall do so," she replied, "very much indeed;" and at what those words implied the captain's courage fell to zero.

He saw how many admiring eyes followed her; he knew that all the gentlemen in the room were envying him his position with Miss Darrell. He knew that, pretty as some of the girls were, Pauline outshone them as the sun outshines the stars; and he knew that she was the queen of the fête—queen of the ball.

"This is the first time you have met many of the county people, is it not?" he asked.

She looked round indifferently.

"Yes, it is the first time," she replied.

"Do you admire any of the men? I know how different your taste is from that of most girls. Is there any one here who has pleased you?"

She laughed.

"I cannot tell," she answered; "you forget this is the first dance. I have had no opportunity of judging."

"I believe that I am jealous already," he observed.

She looked at him; her dark eyes made his heart beat, they seemed to look through him.

"You are what?" she asked. "Captain Langton, I do not understand."

He dared not repeat the words.

"I wish," he said, with a deep sigh, "that I had all the talent and all the wealth in the world."

"For what reason?" she inquired.

"Because you would care for me then," he said.

"Because of your talent and wealth?" she exclaimed. "No, that I should not."

"But I thought you admired talent so much," he said, in surprise.

"So I do, but mere talent would never command my respect, nor mere wealth."

"The two together might," he suggested.

"No. You would not understand me, Captain Langton, were I to explain. Now this dance is over, and I heard you engage Miss Rocheford for the next."

"And you," he said, gloomily—"what are you going to do?"

"To enjoy myself," she replied; "and, from the manner in which her face brightened when he left her, the captain feared she was pleased to be quit of him."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ball at Darrell Court was a brilliant success. Sir Oswald was delighted, Lady Hampton complimented him so highly.

"That is just as it ought to be, Sir Oswald," she said. "One who can give such entertainments as this should not think of retiring from a world he is so well qualified to adorn. Confess, now, that under the influence of that music you could dance yourself."

Sir Oswald laughed.

"I must plead guilty," he said. "How beautiful Miss Rocheford looks to-night!"

"It is well for you, Sir Oswald, that you have not heard all the compliments that the dear child has lavished on you; they would have made you vain."

Sir Oswald's face brightened with pleasure.

"Is your niece pleased? I am very glad indeed; it was more to give her pleasure than from any other motive that I gave the ball."

"Then you have succeeded perfectly. Now, Sir Oswald, do you not see that what I said was true—that an establishment like this requires a mistress? Darrell Court always led the hospitalities of the county. It is only since no lady has lived here that it has fallen into the background."

"It shall be in the background no longer," said Sir Oswald. "I think my first ball is a very successful one. How happy everybody looks!"

But of all that brilliant company, Pauline Darrell was queen. There were men present who would have given anything for one smile from her lips. They admired her—they thought her beautiful beyond comparison—but they did not feel quite at ease with her. She was somewhat beyond them—they did not understand her. She did not blush and glow and smile when they said pretty things to her. When they gave her their most brilliant small talk, she had nothing to give them in return. A soul quite different from theirs looked at them out of her dark, proud eyes. They said to themselves that she was very beautiful, but that she required softening, and that something lovable and tender was wanting in her. She was a queen to be worshiped—an empress to receive all homage—but not a woman to be loved. So they thought who were not even capable of judging such capacity for love as hers.

She was also not popular with the ladies. They thought her very superb—they admired her magnificent dress—but they pronounced her proud and reserved. They said she gave herself airs—that she took no pains to make friends; and they did not anticipate any very great rejoicings when Darrell Court should belong to her. The elder ladies pronounced that judgment on her—the younger ones shrank abashed and were slightly timid in her presence.

Sir Oswald, it was noticed, led Miss Rocheford in to supper, and seemed to pay her very great attention. Some of the ladies made observations, but others said it was all nonsense; if Sir Oswald had ever intended to marry, he would have married years ago, and his choice would have fallen on a lady of mature age, not on a slight, slender girl. Besides—and who could find an answer to such an argument?—was it not settled that Miss Darrell was to be his heiress? There was no doubt about that.

The baronet's great affection for Aubrey Langton was also known; more than one of the guests present guessed at the arrangement made, and said that in all probability Miss Darrell would marry the captain, and that they would have the Court after Sir Oswald's death.

The banquet was certainly a magnificent one. The guests did full justice to the costly wines, the rare and beautiful fruits, the *recherché* dishes prepared with so much skill and labor. When supper was ended, the dancers returned to the ball-room, but Miss Darrell was already rather weary of it all.

She stole away during the first dance after supper. The lamps were lighted in the conservatory, and shed a soft, pearly light over the fragrant flowers; the great glass doors at the end were open, and beyond lay the moonlight, soft, sweet, and silvery, steeping the flowers, the trees, and the long grass in its mild light. Without, all was so calm, so still; there was the evening sky with its myriad stars, so calm and so serene; close to the doors stood great sheaves of white lilies, and just inside was a nest of fragrant daphnes and jasmines.

Pauline stood lost in delight—the perfume seemed to float in from the moonlight and enfold her. This quiet, holy, tranquil beauty touched her heart as the splendor of the ball-room could not, her soul grew calm and still, she seemed nearer happiness than she had ever been before.

"How beautiful the world is!" she thought. She raised her face, so serenely placid and fair in the moonlight; the silver radiance fell upon it, adding all that was needed to make it perfect, a blended softness and tenderness. The gorgeous golden-hued dress falling around her glistened, gleamed, and glowed; her diamonds shone like flames; no artist ever dreamed of a fairer picture than this girl in the midst of the moonlight and the flowers.

Bright fancies thronged her mind; she thought of the time when she should be mistress of that rich domain. No mercenary delight made her heart thrill; it was not the prospect of being rich that delighted her; it was a nobler pride—delight in the grand old home where heroes had lived and died, earnest thoughts of how she would care for it, how she would love it as some living thing when it should be hers.

Her own! Verily her lines were cast in pleasant places. She dreamed great things—of the worthy deeds she would do, of the noble charities she would carry out, the magnificent designs that she would bring to maturity when Darrell Court should be hers.

It was not that she wished for it at once. She did not love Sir Oswald—their natures were too antagonistic for that; but she did not wish—indeed she was incapable of wishing—that his life should be shortened even for one hour. She only remembered that in the course of time this grand inheritance must be hers. How she would help those artist-friends of her father's! What orders she would give them, what pictures she would buy, what encouragement she would give to art and literature! How she would foster genius! How she would befriend the clever and gifted poor ones of the earth!

The beautiful moonlight seemed to grow fairer, the blue starry heavens nearer, as the grand and gracious possibilities of her life revealed themselves to her. Her heart grew warm, her soul trembled with delight.

And then—then there would be something dearer and fairer than all this—something that comes to every woman—her birthright—something that would complete her life, that would change it, that would make music of every word, and harmony of action. The time would come when love would find her out, when the fairy prince would wake her from her magic sleep. She was pure and spotless as the white lilies standing near her; the breath of love had never passed over her. There had been no idle conversations with young girls on the subject of love and lovers; her heart was a blank page; but there came to her that night, as she stood dreaming her maiden dreams among the flowers;

an idea of how she could love, and of what manner of man he would be who should win her love.

Was she like Undine? Were there depths in her heart and soul which could not be reached until love had brought them to light? She felt in herself great capabilities that had never yet been exercised or called into action; love would complete her life; it would be the sun endowing the flowers with life, warmth, and fragrance.

What manner of man must he be who would wake this soul of hers to perfect life? She had seen no one yet capable of doing so. The mind that mastered hers must be a master-mind; the soul that could bring her soul into subjection must be a grand soul, a just soul, noble and generous. Ah, well, the moonlight was fair, and the flowers were fair! Soon, perhaps, this fair dream of hers might be realized, and then—

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SHADOW came between Pauline and the moonlight, and a quiet voice said: "Miss Darrell, I am so glad to find you here, and alone."

Looking up, she saw Aubrey Langton standing by her side. Aubrey's fair, handsome face was flushed, and there was the fragrance of the wine-cup about him—for the gallant captain's courage had failed him and he had had to fortify himself. He had seen Miss Darrell go into the conservatory, and he understood her well enough to be sure that she had gone thither in search of quiet. Here was his opportunity. He had been saying to himself all day that he must watch for his opportunity; here it was—yet his courage failed him, and his heart sank; he would have given anything to any one who would have undertaken the task that lay before him. There was so much at stake—not only love, but wealth, fortune, even freedom; there was so much to be won or lost, that he was frightened.

However, as he said to himself, it had to be done. He went back to the dining-room and poured out for himself a tumbler of the baronet's generous old wine, which made his heart glow, and diffused warmth through his whole frame, and then he went on his difficult errand. He walked quietly through the conservatory, and saw Pauline standing at the doors. He was not an artist, he had nothing of the poet about him, but the solemn beauty of that picture did touch him—the soft, sweet moonlight, the sheaves of white lilies, the nest of daphnes, and that most beautiful face raised to the starry sky.

He stood for some minutes in silence—a dim perception of his own unworthiness came over him. Pauline looked as though she stood in a charmed circle which he almost feared to enter.

Then he went up to her and spoke. She was startled, she had been so completely absorbed in her dreams, and he was the last person on earth with whom she could identify them.

"I hope I have not startled you," he said. "I am so glad to find you here, Miss Darrell. There is something I want to say to you."

Perhaps that beautiful calm night-scene had softened her; she turned to him with a smile more gentle than he had ever seen on her face before.

"You want to tell me something—I am ready to listen, Captain Langton. What is it?"

He came nearer to her; the sweet, subtle perfume from the flowers at her breast reached him; the proud face that had always looked proudly on him was near his own.

He came one step nearer still, and then Pauline drew back with a haughty gesture that seemed to scatter the light in her jewels.

"I can hear perfectly well," she said, coldly. "What is it you have to tell me?"

"Pauline, do not be unkind to me. Let me come nearer, where I may kneel at your feet, and pray my prayer."

His face flushed, his heart warmed with his words; all the passionate love that he really felt for her woke within him. There was no feigning, no pretense—it was all reality. It was not Darrell Court he was thinking of, but Pauline, peerless, queenly Pauline; and in that moment he felt that he could give his whole life to win her.

"Let me pray my prayer," he repeated—"let me tell you how dearly I love you, Pauline—so dearly and so well that, if you send me from you, my life will be a burden to me, and I shall be the most wretched of men."

She did not look proud or angry, but merely sorry. Her dark eyes drooped. Her lips even quivered.

"You love me," she rejoined—"really love me, Captain Langton?"

He interrupted her.

"I loved you the first moment that I saw you. I have admired others, but I have seen none like you. All the deep, passionate love of my heart has gone out to you; and if you throw it from you, Pauline, I shall die."

"I am very sorry," she murmured, gently.

"Nay, not sorry. Why should you be sorry? You would not take a man's life, and hold it in the hollow of your hand, only to fling away. You may have richer lovers, you may have titles and wealth offered to you, but you will never have a love truer or deeper than mine."

There was a ring of truth about his words, and they haunted her.

"I know I am unworthy of you. If I were a crowned king, and you my peerless Pauline, the humblest peasant, I should choose you from the whole world to be my wife. But I am only a soldier—a poor soldier. I have but one treasure, and that I offer to you—the deepest, truest love of my heart. I would that I were a king, and could woo you more worthily."

She looked up quickly—his eyes were drinking in the beauty of her face; but there was something in them from which she shrank without knowing why. She would have spoken, but he went on quickly:

"Only grant my prayer, Pauline—promise me to be my wife—promise to love me—and I will live only for you. I will give you my heart, my thoughts, my life! I will take you to bright sunny lands, and will show you all that the earth holds beautiful and fair. You shall be my queen, and I will be your humble slave."

His voice died away in a great tearful sob—he loved her so dearly, and there was so much at stake. She looked at him with infinite pity in her dark eyes. He had said all that he could think of; he had wooed her as eloquently as he was able; he had done his best, and now he waited for some word from her.

There were tenderness, pity and surprise in her musical voice as she spoke to him.

"I am so sorry, Captain Langton. I never thought you loved me so well. I never dreamed that you had placed all your heart in your love."

"I have," he affirmed. "I have been reckless; I have thrown heart, love, manhood, life, all at your feet together. If you trample ruthlessly on them, Pauline, you will drive me to desperation and despair."

"I do not trample on them," she said, gently; "I would not wrong you so. I take them up in my hands and restore them to you, thanking you for the gift."

"What do you mean, Pauline?" he asked, while the flush died from his face.

"I mean," she replied softly, "that I thank you for the gift you have offered me, but that I cannot accept it. I cannot be your wife, for I do not love you."

He stood for some minutes dazed by the heavy blow; he had taken hope from her gentle manner, and the disappointment was almost greater than he could bear.

"It gives me as much pain to say this," she continued, "as it gives you to hear it; pray, believe that."

"I cannot bear it!" he cried. "I will not bear it! I will not believe it! It is my life I ask from you, Pauline—my life! You cannot send me from you to die in despair!"

His anguish was real, not feigned. Love, life, liberty, all were at stake. He knelt at her feet; he covered her white jeweled hands with kisses and with hot, passionate tears. Her keen womanly instinct told her there was no feigning in the deep broken sob that rose to his lips.

"It is my life!" he repeated. "If you send me from you, Pauline, I shall be a desperate, wicked man."

"You should not be so," she remarked, gently; "a great love, even if it be unfortunate, should ennoble a man, not make him wicked."

"Pauline," he entreated, "you must unsay those words. Think that you might learn to love me in time. I will be patient—I will wait long years for you—I will do anything to win you; only give me some hope that in time to come you will be mine."

"I cannot," she said; "it would be so false. I could never love you, Captain Langton."

He raised his face to hers.

(To be continued.)

THE HON. DAVID A. WELLS.

DAVID A. WELLS was born in June, 1828, at Springfield, Mass. After graduating at Williams College, he was for a time an associate editor with Mr. Samuel Bowles upon the Springfield Republican, and while in the office of this paper first suggested the idea of folding books and newspapers by machinery, and subsequently became associated in the invention of the first machine devised and patented for this purpose. Having, however, a taste for scientific pursuits, and being put in possession of a few hundred dollars by the sale of his interest in the above referred to invention, Mr. Wells quitted journalism, and became the special pupil of Professor Agassiz (then recently arrived in this country); entering also the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge, in which institution he afterwards graduated and became an assistant professor. While in Cambridge, Mr. Wells in connection with Mr. Geo. Bliss (present United States District Attorney for New York) commenced in 1849, the publication of an annual report on the progress of science and the useful arts, which under the well-known name of "The Annual of Scientific Discovery" is still continued; the editorship from 1849 to 1852 having been by Messrs. Wells & Bliss; from 1852 to 1865 by Mr. Wells alone; and since 1865 by Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution.

Mr. Wells, however, first came prominently into public life in 1864, while residing in Troy, N. Y., by the publication in that year of a popular but exhaustive essay on the resources and debt-paying ability of the United States, bearing the title of "Our Burden and Our Strength." This little pamphlet, although originally printed for private circulation, was at once adopted and reprinted by the Loyal Publication Society of New York, and receiving also at once the sanction of the Federal authorities, became one of the most noted publications of the war. Including reprints and translations in England, France and Germany, the circulation of "Our Burden and Our Strength" is believed to have been in excess of ten hundred thousand copies; and coming at a period when the nation was beginning to be alarmed at the prospective magnitude of the national debt, it proved one of the most effectual of agencies for restoring public confidence and maintaining the credit of the National Government.

At the close of the war, Mr. Wells was made Chairman of a Commission created by Congress for the purpose of instituting an inquiry into the resources of the country and the best methods of securing revenue; and on the expiration of this commission, was appointed to an office especially created by Congress for the term of four years, under the title of "Special Commissioner of the Revenue." In this office, and invested with large powers, Mr. Wells originated, or initiated, nearly all the reforms of importance in our national revenue system—internal and customs—which have been made since the war—namely: The re-drafting of the Internal Revenue laws; the reduction and final abolition of the cotton tax, and the taxes on manufactures; the creation of supervisory districts and the appointment of supervisors; the application and the use of stamps for the collection of taxes on tobacco, fermented and spirituous liquors, and the creation of the Bureau of Statistics.

In one of his earliest official reports, Mr. Wells took earnest ground against the attempt to collect a tax of two dollars per gallon on distilled spirits, and maintained that sixty cents per gallon was the rate of tax certain to be the most productive of revenue. At first this view found few or no advocates, but in the Winter of 1867-8 Congress, alarmed by the increasing frauds and steadily diminishing revenues, acceded to Mr. Wells's recommendations, and fixed the tax at sixty cents per gallon. The result was one of the most remarkable in economic history, for the total collections from distilled spirits rising at once, from \$18,665,000 collected under a \$2 per gallon tax in 1867-8, to \$45,071,000 in 1868-9; and to \$55,606,000 in 1869-70; which latter amount has never since been equaled; the revenue from this source declining more than ten millions of dollars in the first year after the retirement of Mr. Wells from office. In 1867 Mr. Wells, under a commission from the Government, visited Europe and carefully investigated all the leading industries competitive with the United States in Great Britain and on the Continent; the result of which, coupled with a subsequent careful study of our customs system, and a complete re-drafting of our whole tariff under instructions from Congress, led him to a complete abandonment of his original position as a strong protectionist, and to an adoption of the belief that free-trade, made subordinate to revenue, and gradually entered upon, was for the best interest of the whole country. The announcement of these views, and especially the publication of his report for 1869, created at once great opposition among the protectionists, in which Mr. Greeley especially took the lead, charging that Mr. Wells had been corrupted by British gold, distributed through the agency of Mr. A. T. Stewart. The result was that when the office of Special Commissioner of the Revenue expired by limitation in 1870, the President, giving Mr. Boutwell's dislike to the Commissioner as the reason, refused to reappoint Mr. Wells in case of a renewal of the office; and although a majority of the members of both Houses of Congress united in

letter to the Special Commissioner, expressing regret at the loss to the Government of his services, no further effort was made to continue the office.

As soon, however, as it was known that Mr. Wells was to retire from Washington, the appointment as Chairman of a State Commission for investigating the subject and laws relating to local taxation was tendered him by the Governor of the State of New York, and accepted; and in this new position he prepared and submitted to the Legislature, in 1872 and 1873, two reports, and a code of laws. All of these reports have been since reprinted in the United States and in Europe; and one of the first acts of the French National Assembly, after the conclusion of the German war, was to order the translation and official publication of Mr. Wells's reports as Special Commissioner for 1868-9. This commission was further supplemented in the Spring of 1874, by the unanimous election of Mr. Wells by the French Academy to fill the chair of Foreign Associate, made vacant by the death of the late John Stuart Mill; and later by the voting to him of the degree of D.C.L. by the University of Oxford, England. The honorary degree of L.L.D. had been previously given to Mr. Wells by the college of his graduation (Williams); and on his retirement from Washington, a testimonial of the value of several thousand dollars was also presented him by the merchants of New York, without distinction of party, as a "token of their esteem for his unswerving integrity, high personal character, and as a slight recognition of his inestimable services to his countrymen." In 1872 the Corporation of Yale College elected Mr. Wells University Lecturer on Political Science. In 1873, on invitation of the Cobden Club, he visited England, and delivered the address at the annual meeting and dinner of the club. In the Spring of 1874 the name of Mr. Wells was brought prominently forward as a candidate for United States Senator from Connecticut. In February 1875 he was elected President of the Democratic State Convention of Connecticut; and as such firmly committed the party in that State to the doctrine of hard money, and taxation for revenue only. In March following he was chosen President of the American Association for the Promotion of Social Science (succeeding Dr. Woolsey of New Haven), and as such presided over the recent meeting of the Association at Detroit. Mr. Wells's present residence is at Norwich, Conn.

CENTENNIAL MONUMENTS.

PHILADELPHIA in another year will be "the monumental city" of the United States, and by the accident, as such events are pleasantly termed, of the Centennial, will deprive Baltimore of an art prestige she has long enjoyed.

Of the various monuments and statues now being cast and cut, the fountain of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union will be the most elaborate in design, finish and extent. Having recently given illustrations of this remarkable piece of work, our readers are familiar with its beauties. Continuing the series, we give a view this week of the statue of Columbus, being but in marble at Milan. It will be the contribution of Italian residents, and prove an elegant testimonial both to the memory of the great admiral and the country that is proud to bear his name.

The German residents are having a monument of Humboldt prepared, under the direction of Professor Drake, the eminent Berlin sculptor, who was long a personal friend of his subject. The work consists of a bronze statue of the philosopher nine feet in height, and a pedestal of granite massive in proportions.

The Hebrew Order, B'nai Brith, will contribute a commemorative statue entitled "Toleration." It is now being cut in Rome by Ezekiel, a native of Richmond, Va. The pedestal and statue will be twenty feet in height, and cost \$30,000.

Besides these, there will be an "Emancipation," in marble, by Harriet Hosmer; a "Witherspoon," contributed by the Presbyterians, in bronze, designed by Bailey, of Philadelphia; a "Liberty," in marble, cut by Story at Rome, and a "Penn," in bronze, by Bailey.

All of these will be permanent in Fairmount Park, except that of "Toleration," which will be removed after the celebration to the Capitol Grounds at Washington.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FRENCH AFRICAN EXPEDITION, which is to take up the thread of Livingstone's labors, will sail from Toulon on September 1st. It will be under the command of M. Safforzan de Brazza, and will be accompanied by two natives of the Gaboon.

THE FRENCH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE meets at Nantes this year, under the presidency of M. d'Eichthal, an influential banker largely connected with railway interests. The local committee is presided over by the Mayor, and a large sum has been collected for defraying the expenses connected with the meeting.

DR. OSCAR FRAAS, Director of the National History Museum at Stuttgart, and professor of geology in the University, is at present at Beyrout, where, in conformity with the express desire of Rustem Pasha, he will shortly enter upon a careful and scientific exploration of the Lebanon, most especially in regard to the geognostic features of the district. At the Pasha's desire he will also superintend the construction of a geological map of the mountain.

THE EXCELLENT COLLECTION OF MADEIRA PLANTS formed by the late Rev. Mr. Lowe, who, with Mrs. Lowe, was lost last year in the wreck of the *Liberia*, was deposited in the Royal Herbarium at Kew, England, some months since, and is to be divided between the British Museum and the establishment named, the latter taking the *uniques*. It is fortunate that so valuable a collection has become public property, as it contains the types of the lamented gentleman's new species, and specimens of many things that are now exceedingly rare in the islands.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF ROME gave a banquet, on May 11th, to the celebrated African traveler, Dr. Nachtigal; many of the members and several notabilities of the city of Rome were present in honor of their guest. The Vice-President of the Society, Senator Amari, proposed the health of the guest, who had just returned from a journey through Fezzan, Bornu, Wadal and Darfur. Dr. Nachtigal, in reply, wished success to the scientific expedition to Central Asia planned by the Society; he considered that this expedition would be an honor to the whole Italian kingdom.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL has sent to Prof. Virchow, accompanied by an autograph letter in French, an interesting collection of skulls and skeletons, amongst which are some found in ancient caverns of Brazil. The collection has been made at the Emperor's request by the director of the Museum at Rio, Senhor Ladislao Neto. The Emperor regrets that he did not have the pleasure of making Prof. Virchow's acquaintance at Berlin when he visited that city, as the Professor's investigations "are highly esteemed even by those to whom, like myself, it is not given to be more than friends to science."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

AFTER spending three months in moving, M. Thiers is finally settled in the new house in the city of Paris built to reimburse him for the one destroyed by the Commune.

Of the ninety-five graduates thrown upon the world by Yale College, forty-seven are pledged to the law, eight to theology, seven to physics, and two to journalism.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has a new love; not an extra fine fiddle, or African bracelet, but our own Captain Boyton, and rumor whispers that if the New Jersey Life Guardsman will only say Yes, a handsome position will be created for him in the British Navy.

THE widow of Commodore Winslow visited Kearsage Mountain, and selected a large boulder near the summit to place at the head of her husband's grave in Forest Hill Cemetery, Boston. The citizens of Warner will convey the stone from the mountain to the railroad, and send it to its destination.

EX-GOVERNOR ENGLISH of Connecticut has presented the library of Yale College with \$1,000, to be used for the purchase of a complete collection of the Parliamentary papers of Great Britain from 1865 to 1873. There are seven hundred and forty-two volumes in the collection, bound in half-parchment, and nearly all of folio size.

THE Sultan of Zanzibar had a warm time of it with the London photographers. He said to one of his conductors on the second day of his sight-seeing: "For the sake of Allah do conduct me somewhere to have my face taken, in order that I may be able to show a copy of it to the numerous face-takers who apply to me for it."

DOESN'T it seem probable that within the next ten years a half dozen men will own the greater part of the United States? Here is Senator Sharon with \$7,000,000 worth of real estate in San Francisco, and Senator Jones, who, besides buying out eight or nine cities in the South to start ice factories, has just stopped in Chicago long enough to buy four entire blocks of valuable ground. The railroad interests are surely undergoing the process of centralization, and a party of men whom you can count on your fingers now control every line of importance in the country. If a few more big Bonanzas are discovered, there will be no means of estimating the amount of gossip notes that will crowd the personal columns of the press.

QUEEN VICTORIA has never been able to throw off the gloom of her early widowhood. She is continually surrounded by persons and objects which hourly remind her of the great bereavement. All her ladies-in-waiting are widows of noblemen, of a grade no lower than that of earl. They are paid £800 per annum, and, in case of their subsequent marriage, Her Majesty presents them the famous one hundred guinea shawl, besides a handsome gift in cash. A royal carriage is placed at their disposal when their services are required, for in London the ladies-in-waiting do not live in the palace. The maids-of-honor live with the Queen both in the city and country, and, by special permission, retain their titles of "Honorable" after their marriage.

WHEN a foreigner reads of the way our modern Senators secure their seats, he is quite apt to say, "Thank God, we don't do that way in our country." According to a recent report made in the British House of Commons, the largest sum known to have been spent to secure an election was £17,601, or about \$88,000. This was spent by Messrs. Bell and Palmer for the Northern division of Durham; their Conservative opponents, Messrs. Elliott and Pemberton, coming nearly second highest in expenditure, with £10,601 between them. But this does not by any means represent the total outlay. The return of the Liberals was disputed by Sir George Elliott, and Mr. Bell being unseated, the former was elected in his place. The petition and the second election must have cost quite another £10,000, so that Sir George Elliott must have spent nearly £15,000 for his seat. At the other end of the scale, the Marquis of Lorne was returned for the County of Argyle for £13s. 6d.

THE eccentric bachelor King of Bavaria—Louis II.—became ruler in 1864 when nineteen years of age. His father, Max II., sent him when quite a boy to attend lectures in the leading German Universities, and he soon became an apt student of Liebig and Jolly. Upon the death of his father he continued the old policy of hostility to Austria and Prussia, not without success. His life has been marked with two very strong friendships: that for Richard Wagner, which began in 1864; and that for Dr. Dollinger, which ripened when the doctrine of infallibility was promulgated. He is a great student of history, poetry, philosophy and music, loves a limited solitude, and is a marvel of generosity. With all his singular freaks, running an opera at his own expense and with himself alone as audience, building the garden at La Semiramis on the roof of his Summer residence at Hohenschwangau, and others of equal familiarity, he is exceedingly approachable. He loves his subjects, and there is nothing finer in their veneration for him.

SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA, President of the Republic of Mexico, whose friends in Congress recently killed the Bill providing for his impeachment, is a native of the State of Vera Cruz, and now fifty years of age. His parents intended him for the Church, but this was too distasteful, and he eventually entered upon the study and practice of law in Mexico city. When Miramon attained supreme power, Tejada withdrew from political life and devoted himself wholly to his profession. He was offered a Cabinet portfolio by the late President Juarez in 1861, but refused it, and, taking a seat in Congress, he acted with the Liberal Party. At the fall of Maximilian, Tejada was Minister of Foreign Affairs. The United States Minister at Mexico presented an earnest petition in behalf of the unfortunate Emperor, but Tejada expressed his belief that the death of the young Austrian was necessary to the peace of the Republic. After the execution, Juarez reorganized his Cabinet, Tejada became President of the Supreme Court of Justice, and, by virtue of that position, Vice-President of the Republic. He succeeded to the Presidency upon the death of Juarez.

SCARCELY a week passes that the cable does not announce that Germany has sent another note to Belgium, or that the latter has made a reply to the former. Of the nominal heads of these countries, Leopold II., King of the Belgians, is the least known. He succeeded his father in 1865, being at that time thirty years of age. Leopold II. was considered a wise and a just ruler, and at his death the Belgians gave themselves up to a season of sincere grief. At eighteen the Duke de Brabant, as the Crown-Prince is designated, attained his majority, and immediately took his seat in the Senate. In all questions affecting national progress and industry he was found on the most liberal side in debate, thus making himself exceedingly popular long before he was called to assume the purple. His reign has been marked by a pretty general quietness, although during the wars of 1866 and 1870, the Belgians entertained feelings of considerable alarm, in spite of the compact by which Great Britain guaranteed the neutrality and peace of the kingdom. Early after his accession he reduced the civil list to \$660,000 per annum, and has always given a respectful attention to propositions emanating from his people *per se*, and the elected representatives.

A PRIVATE HOSPITAL FOR CATS IN NEW YORK CITY.

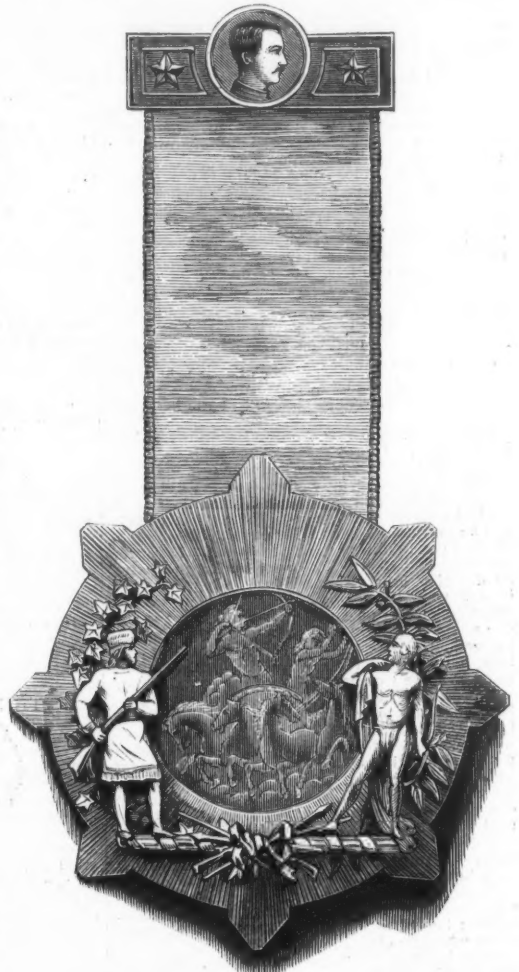
AT 170 Division Street, in this city, lives a philanthropic German lady, Mrs. Rosalia Goodman. The tendencies of her kindly heart have prompted her to devote much of her time to the comfort and relief of persecuted and neglected felines. The house she occupies is a three-story wooden building, and dates back to the Dutch period of the city. She has lived there for several years, and makes a comfortable living by renting rooms, retaining two for herself and her cats. Here she dispenses a liberal charity to a large family of cats. Besides many pets who for years have been kindly cared for, the family is constantly being increased by the addition of unfortunate tabbies whose wants are brought to the notice of the worthy woman. Lean and hungry cats prowling around in search of food, cats who bear the scars received by having boot-jacks, crockery-ware, etc., thrown at them by unappreciative hearers while they were performing a midnight concert; cats who come out with broken limbs and disordered fur from the ordeal of an interview with naughty little boys, and a l cats hungry and in distress, when brought to this asylum, receive the tenderest care. So well known in the neighborhood is the idiosyncrasy of Mrs. Goodman, that whenever one of the cases above-mentioned comes to the notice of any of her sympathizing neighbors, the unfortunate sufferer is placed in her charge. When our artist visited her rooms, to make the sketch published on this page, he found the benevolent lady administering to the wants of some fifty cats, of all ages, sizes and conditions.

THE DE PEYSTER BADGE.

WE give on this page a cut of the beautiful badge presented to the American Rifle Association by Major-General J. Watts de Peyster, to be competed for by members of the State National Guard. The medal is to be awarded as a prize for shooting from the shoulder, with military rifles. It is to be won three times before passing into actual ownership. The first winner of the prize was Lieutenant Chas. F. Robbins, of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.

The badge was designed by Captain Walcott, of the Twenty-seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. from suggestions by General de Peyster, and manufactured by Tiffany & Co.

The badge depends by a broad Mazarin blue ribbon from a broad cross bar of gold, presenting a profile likeness of the donor and a designation of his rank. The badge itself is not a mere flat medal, but is thrown up prominently; all the ornaments are in alto-relievo, excepting the centre disk. It is universally acknowledged to be the most

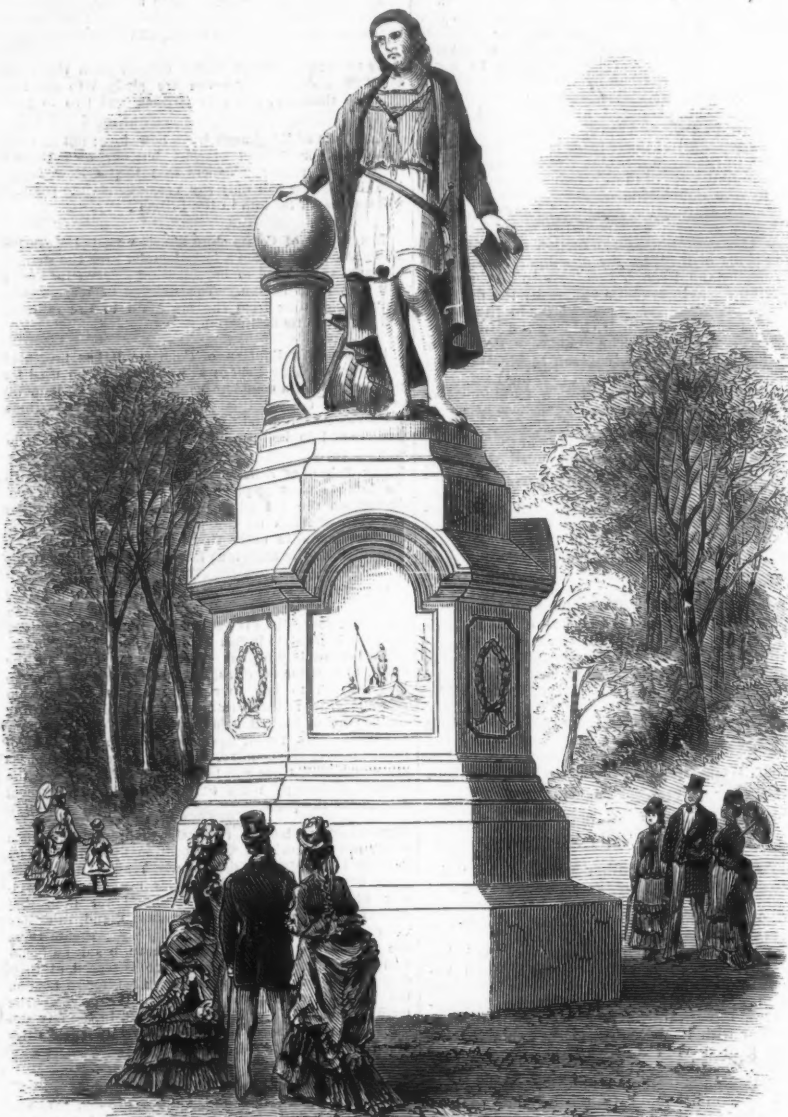


THE MEDAL OFFERED BY GENERAL J. W. DE PEYSTER TO THE AMERICAN RIFLE ASSOCIATION, TO BE COMPETED FOR BY MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF NEW YORK STATE.

artistically designed and exquisitely finished medal ever made in this city. Great credit is due to General de Peyster for his efforts to create a generous rivalry among our citizen soldiery on the subject of marksmanship.

CONSECRATION OF ARCHBISHOP WOOD AT PHILADELPHIA.

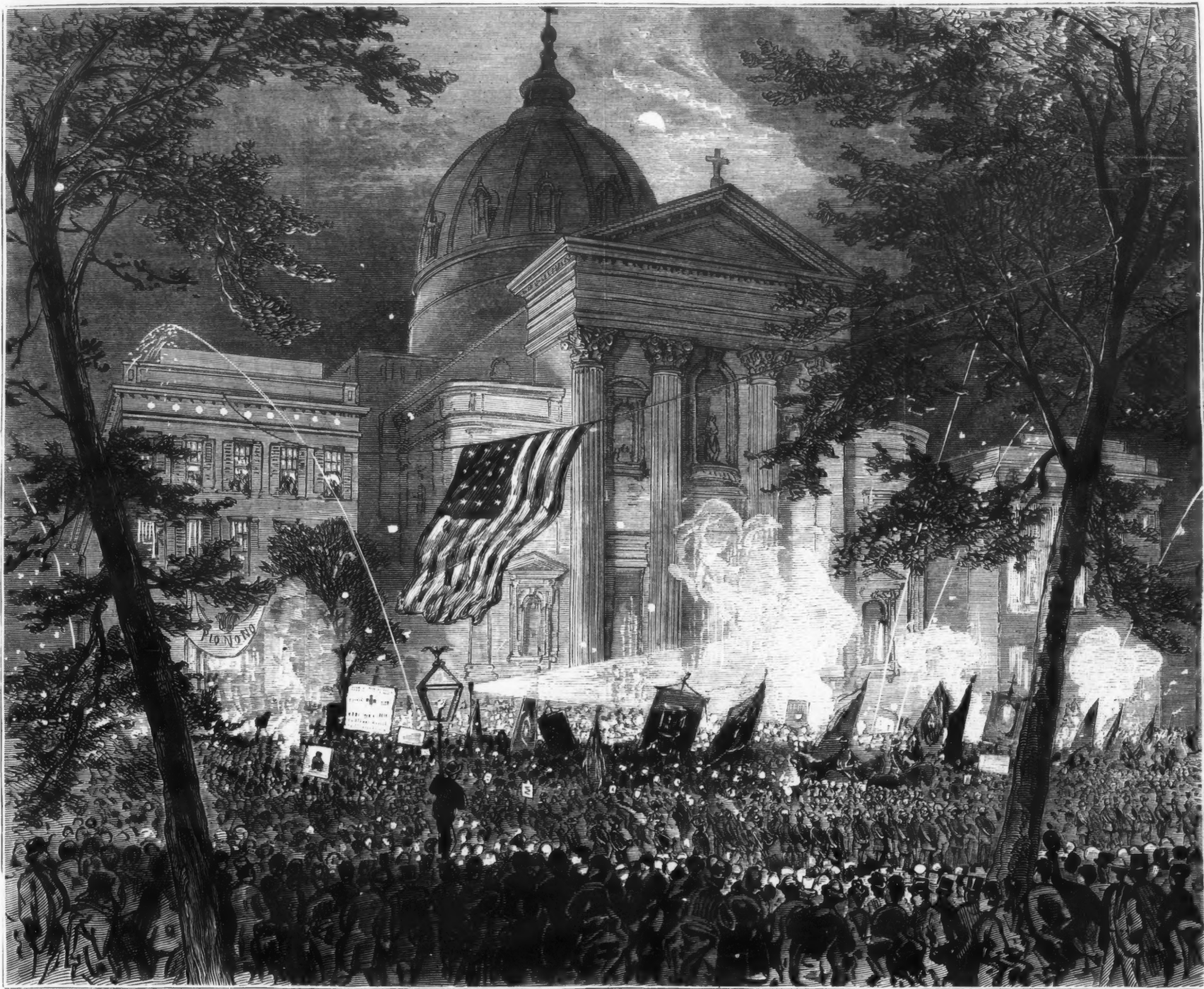
THE accession of Archbishop McCloskey to the Cardinalate, and the subsequent elevation of Bishops Williams of Boston, Henni of Milwaukee,



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE STATUE OF COLUMBUS, TO BE ERECTED IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA. SKETCHED BY W. F. SNYDER.—SEE PAGE 319.



NEW YORK CITY.—MRS. GOODMAN'S HOSPITAL FOR CATS, 170 DIVISION STREET.



PENNSYLVANIA.—TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION OF THE CATHOLIC SOCIETIES OF PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 17TH, IN HONOR OF THE CONSECRATION OF ARCHBISHOP WOOD.

Healy of Portland, and Wood of Philadelphia, to the office of Archbishops, are events which indicate the growing importance, in the estimation of the Papal See, of Catholicism in the United States.

The imposing and solemn ceremonies of consecration and conferring the pallium upon Archbishop Wood, took place at the Cathedral of Sts.

perhaps with one exception, than any other in this country, was far too inadequate to accommodate the huge mass of people who were anxious to witness the sacred and imposing service of bestowing upon the newly-appointed Archbishop the symbolical pallium. Few church ceremonies in America

ever witnessed a more distinguished assemblage of priests and prelates than that which filled the magnificent and brilliantly-lighted sanctuary; or a larger or more intelligent gathering of Catholics than that which literally packed, in pew and aisle, in vestibule and choir, the remainder of the sacred edifice. The presence of the Cardinal, and of the Papal ablegates, Mgr. Roncetti and Dr. Ubaldo Ubaldi; the archbishops and bishops from sister provinces and dioceses; the hundreds of priests; the imposing character of the ceremonies of consecration; the magnificently-rendered masses and solos attendant thereon; the great interior of the Cathedral, with its splendid audience; the spaciousness of the sanctuary, with its robed officials—all composed a scene of grandeur and solemnity which created in the mind of the observers a vivid and lasting impression.

Archbishop Wood was born in Philadelphia, on the 27th of April, 1813. His parents were both English. They came to this country in 1809, and settled in Philadelphia, where Mr. Wood engaged in business as a merchant and importer. The son, James Frederick Wood, received his elementary education in Philadelphia. In November, 1827, he went to Cincinnati, and was employed as a bank clerk, and in 1836 was appointed cashier. Shortly before this he was converted to the Roman Catholic faith, and was baptized on the 7th of April,



GENERAL RAFAEL QUESADA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. PIERSON BRAUN, PARIS, FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 322.

Peter and Paul, in Philadelphia, on Thursday, June 17th.

The Cathedral, on Eighteenth Street, majestic in its architecture and decoration, and more spacious,

to Cincinnati, and was employed as a bank clerk, and in 1836 was appointed cashier. Shortly before this he was converted to the Roman Catholic faith, and was baptized on the 7th of April,



HON. DAVID A. WELLS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEBSTER, NORWICH, CONN.—SEE PAGE 319.

1836, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell. In September, 1837, he resigned the office of cashier, and in October of the same year he went to Rome to study for the priesthood. He entered the College of the Propaganda as a subject of the Diocese of Cincinnati. He remained at Rome nearly seven years, diligently prosecuting his studies in the sacred sciences. At the completion of his studies in the college he was ordained priest on the 25th of March, 1844, by Cardinal Fransoni, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. On his return to this country he was appointed assistant rector of the Cathedral at Cincinnati, which position he efficiently filled for nearly ten years, when he was assigned to the pastorate of St. Patrick's Church of the same city. Whilst in the active discharge of his duties as pastor of St. Patrick's, he received the bulls appointing him Coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia, with the right of succession. He was consecrated bishop by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, on the 26th day of April, A. D. 1857.

On the demise of Bishop Neumann, January 5th, 1860, Bishop Wood succeeded to the title and full administration of the diocese. In 1862, at the invitation of His Holiness Pius IX., Bishop Wood went to Rome, and was present at the canonization of the Japanese martyrs; and again, in 1867, at the celebration of the eighteen hundredth anniversary of Saints Peter and Paul. He was also present at the opening of the Vatican Council on the 8th of December, 1869, and participated in its deliberations for several months. His new dignity was conferred on him by the Pope on February 12th, 1875.

On Thursday evening, June 17th, the Catholic societies of Philadelphia participated in a grand torchlight procession in commemoration of the accession of Bishop Wood to the Archiepiscopal See, which was a magnificent demonstration. Our illustration shows the procession passing the splendid Cathedral, and gives a vivid delineation of the imposing scene.

GENERAL RAFAEL QUESADA.

GENERAL R. QUESADA was born in Puerto Principe, Cuba, in 1837. He received in Mexico his first education, and entered on military service as an ensign in his brother Manuel's cavalry regiment. He was a captain at the battle of Puebla, May 5th, 1862, where the French, under General Lorencez, were routed by the Mexicans commanded by General Zaragoza. He fought in the bloody cavalry combat of Palo Gacho. Later, on the third day of the siege of Puebla by General Forey, the Mexican cavalry left the town, breaking the enemy's line, and the brothers Quesada distinguished themselves in the fight. He was present also at the battle of San Lorenzo, in which Bazaine destroyed Comonfort's army. Juarez retreated to San Luis Potosi, and General Negrete made a successful raid through the States of Puebla and Tlaxcala, Captain Quesada being always at the post of danger. The troops being demoralized, Captain Quesada fulfilled a perilous mission, making a march of three hundred miles, surrounded by the Imperialists, and bringing to Negrete, from San Luis, money and a convoy. In San Luis he was made a Major by General Comonfort, Minister of War. The Imperialist General advanced to San Luis Potosi. Juarez abandoned the city, and afterwards ordered its attack. Major Quesada entered it after a desperate charge. The Republicans, nevertheless, were routed. The remains of the army, 500 men and six pieces of artillery, were placed under Major Quesada, who repulsed the Imperialists at Barrego, and sustained many combats in a retreat of two hundred and twenty-five miles, delivering the convoy, artillery and baggage to Juarez at Saltillo. Of the 500 men who started from San Luis, only 150 arrived at Saltillo. Major Quesada was then promoted Lieutenant-Colonel, and a general promotion was made in favor of the little column. Juarez, having organized another army, advanced towards Monterey, State of Nuevo Leon. General Vidaurri, Governor of the State, proved to be a traitor, and raised Maximilian's flag. He attacked Lieutenant Quesada at San Gregorio, and was badly repulsed. Quesada reached him at Villaladama, and the next day at Lampazo, annihilating entirely Vidaurri's forces, and taking many prisoners, eighteen pieces of artillery and a rich convoy. Vidaurri, with twenty men, took refuge in the United States. The General-in-Chief of the Republicans, Doblado, was subsequently routed by Mejia at Monterey, Major Quesada sharing in that disastrous contest. Juarez then, without any army, and sustained only by dignity and right, formed a palace-guard to protect his person against treason, and appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Quesada its chief. Another Republican army having been raised, it was put under Ortega, who was likewise destroyed by the French at Mahouira, State of Durango, Lieutenant-Colonel Quesada losing most of his men in the battle. He routed afterwards the Imperialists, in the same State, at Corral de Piedra and Mineral de Indé. When danger had vanished, and victory crowned Juarez, young Quesada, who had been promoted colonel, established himself in New York as a commission merchant, taking his passport, and a permission for unlimited time, signed by Lerdo de Tejada, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, now President of the Republic. When the Cuban Revolution broke out, Colonel Quesada, who had acquired many friends in New York commercial circles, liquidated his house, formed the first Cuban revolutionary committee established in New York after the war for independence, and started for Cuba from Nassau, N. P., May 14th, 1869, on board the steamer *Salvador*, landing safely in Cuba a valuable expedition, May 19th, which, after many dangers, he delivered to the President at Berrocal, May 24th. He left the island, July 15th, being the first after two centuries who crossed the Caribbean Sea in a small Indian canoe. Being at Nassau, N. P., ready to return to Cuba in a sailing-boat, he came to the United States with his elder brother, and on June 15th, 1871, sailed from Porto Cabello, commanding the first *Virginius* expedition. He landed June 21st, crossed, with 400 men, three hundred miles of territory bristling with thousands of Spanish soldiers, being sometimes two miles distant from the enemy, and never more than six miles; routed the Spaniards, commanded by General Velasco, at Ciego, and delivered the expedition to President Cespedes at Charcos, where he was made a brigadier-general. He sailed, June 1st, 1873, from Aspinwall in the second *Virginius* expedition, the last which has been successfully landed in Cuba up to the present date. This expedition he delivered June 6th. General Rafael Quesada has just arrived in New York.

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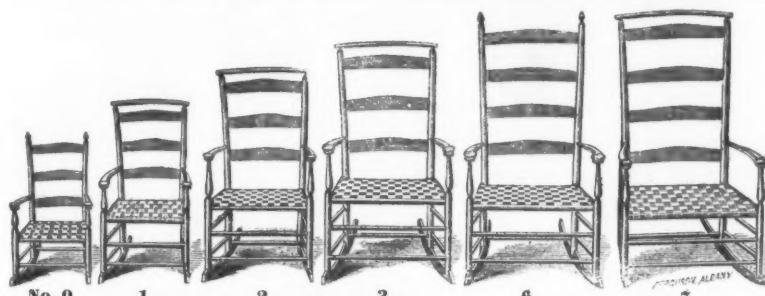
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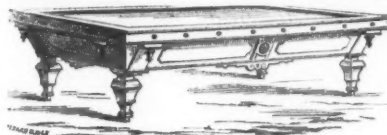
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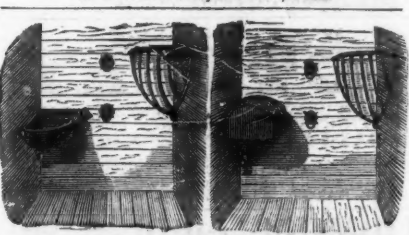
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